PROFESSOR LOU

MARY E. McDONOUGH

Best Wishes
to
Richard
Dec. 25, 1932

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A Story for Young People

By

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Professor Lou

CHAPTER I

VERY slowly swayed the hammock under the old apple trees. One might have thought its occupant asleep, were it not that now and then a slender hand might be seen gently brushing back a stray lock of hair which the summer breeze had tossed across her face.

Suddenly the silence of the twilight hour was broken by a girlish voice in the rose garden across the hedge. "Louise, Loo-ease, where are you?"

"Here, in the hammock, Nell. Don't stumble over Ted's wheelbarrow. He left it right in the path when Sam whistled for him."

"All right, Lou, I'll be careful. Just like boys,—they are always leaving things about!"

A moment later another girlish form lay snuggled in the depths of the capacious hammock.

"Were you asleep, Lou, when I called you?"

"Oh, no indeed. I was just watching the lovely evening star. Isn't it beautiful, Nell?"

"There, I might have known that you were star-gazing. Really, I don't see how you can find those old stars so interesting. You are always gazing at them."

"Why, Nell, how can you talk so? Old they are certainly, but wonderfully interesting if you only study them; besides they are God's beautiful handiwork

which He created ages ago and has kept shining through the centuries."

"Forgive me, Lou. I did not mean to speak disrespectfully of anything that God has created; but I was impatient. You seem to really enjoy astronomy, while I hate it. It is my worst study and I always get poor marks in astronomy exam. I wish that I had not decided to take it this year. It is not a bit interesting to me. My poor little mind becomes actually giddy when I read of the immeasurable distances from star to star. I cannot remember how many millions of miles Neptune is from the sun, nor how many trillions of miles away is the nearest star, and I don't care, either."

A half-amused smile might have been seen upon the face of Nell's listener, had the light been a bit brighter. "Why, Nell, I do not blame you for disliking astronomy studied in that way. Just a dry collection of facts and figures is not very interesting."

"Well, how do you study, Lou?"

"Why, I just try to make the acquaintance of the stars, and I like to read about their creation and all the interesting things that the Bible tells us about them."

"The Bible," laughed Nell; "why the Bible was written long ago. Just think of all the astronomical discoveries that have been made since that time. The Bible may have poetical things to say about the stars, but you could not call its statements scientific."

There was silence for a moment, then slowly came

the rejoinder, "Nell, dear, I am afraid that you do not know your Bible very well. While we do not call it a scientific book, yet there are many, many statements contained in its pages that anticipate by thousands of years the latest verdict of scientific men. It is a wonderful book, Nell. I wish that we might study it together some time."

A low rustle in the grass near them and a half-suppressed laugh caused both the girls to sit upright in a moment. "Don't be alarmed, Professor Lou. We are just enjoying your lecture and being 'properly edified' as Deacon Brown would say."

"Why, Ted," exclaimed his sister, "how long have you and Sam been lying there?"

"Only a moment, sister; but long enough to wish that we might ask the eminent authority a few questions."

"You good for nothing boys!" exclaimed Nell indignantly. "You'd better put that wheelbarrow in the tool-house before someone false headlong over it, Ted; and as for you Sam, Mother has been looking hours for you. She wants you to do an errand at the store for her."

"Wait a minute, Nell. Let's be patient. Boys will be boys. What are the questions that are troubling you, Ted?" asked Louise.

"Well," slowly replied Ted, "how could the Bible make statements hundreds and hundreds of years ago that agree with up to date scientific facts?"

"Because the Bible, unlike any other book, was written by men directly inspired by the Holy Spirit," replied his sister. "Would it not be reasonable," she continued, "to expect God to reveal what he wished and as He wished it if He made a revelation to men at all? And having all knowledge could He not easily put in a sentence a statement concerning facts that men with their limited knowledge would be ages finding out?"

"Yes, He could," replied Ted; "but where are such statements to be found? I have never seen any."

"Boys," cried Nell, abruptly, "finish your work and let us all go in to the study and compel our fair professor to prove her statements."

"Agreed!" they shouted, and were out of sight in a moment.

A half hour later a little group might be seen gathered around the study-table in Louise Harper's pleasant home. Ted and Sam had seen fit to invite two of their chums and Nell called for her cousin Sallie who was home from boarding-school. Mrs. Harper had joined the group, while Mr. Harper and Mrs. Marshall, his neighbor, sat just outside on the piazza busily discussing the political situation.

"Now Professor Lou, we demand the proof of your statement," exclaimed the irrepressible Nell.

"Very well," calmly replied Louise, "as our conversation a little while ago began with the stars, suppose we return to the subject. Let me read you a few words," she continued; and reaching for a well-worn

volume she read as follows: "Hipparchus, about a century and half before Christ, gave the number of the stars as 1,022, and Ptolemy, in the beginning of the second century of the Christian era could find but 1,026. . . . When the telescope began to be pointed to the heavens less than three centuries ago, by Galileo, then men began to know that Jeremiah was right when he made the stars as countless as the sand of the seashore. When Lord Rosse's instrument turned its great mirror to the sky, the number of visible stars increased to nearly 400,000,000 and Herschel compared the multitude of them to glittering dust scattered on the black background of the heavens. When John Herschel at the foot of this dark continent, resolves the nebulae into suns, and Lord Rosse, as with the eye of a Titan, finds in the cloudy scarf about Orion "a gorgeous bed of stars," and the very milky way itself proves to be simply a grand procession of stars absolutely without number,—how true is the exclamation of Jeremiah 600 years before Christ, "the host of heaven cannot be numbered." ' "

"Whew!" cried Ted, as Louise finished; "did Jeremiah really say that?"

"Suppose we turn to the thirty-third chapter and twenty-second verse and see for ourselves," replied his sister. Bibles were passed and a somewhat noisy turning of leaves followed.

"Oh dear, where is Jeremiah?" cried Nell, after a hasty search from Genesis to Job.

"It is after Psalms and Proverbs and—and—two or three more books," helpfully volunteered Ted. When all had found the passage, Louise requested it to be read aloud.

"Sure enough, there it is," said Ted. " 'The host of heaven cannot be numbered.' "

"Surely God must have told Jeremiah to say that, for they did not have telescopes until long, long after his day," said Sam.

"You are quite right, Sam," said Mrs. Harper, approvingly. "If Jeremiah had not been inspired of God to make that statement, he would have been as sure that he could count the stars and record their number as were Hipparchus and Ptolemy hundreds of years after his time."

By this time the discussion upon the piazza had ceased and both men were listening to the voices within the study. Before Louise could proceed, Mr. Harper called to the little group—"It seems to me that you are having a wonderfully interesting time in there. Would you mind if we joined you?"

"Oh no, no, father," replied Louise, "You and Mr. Marshall are quite welcome if you will bear patiently with us."

"Well, really, this is pleasant," said Mr. Marshall, as he was led to an easy chair. "By the way, I think that you may be interested in this clipping from a scientific paper that I found only this afternoon. I slipped it into my pocket for future reference and as

I listened to that wonderful passage in Jeremiah I was reminded of it. I will not trouble you with the words relating to the various maps of the heavenly bodies, but permit me to read the concluding sentence. 'Notwithstanding the increased facilities for ascertaining the secrets of the starry heavens, the latest verdict of astronomers is that the starry host cannot be numbered.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall," smilingly responded Louise. "I think that we have proven one point satisfactorily. God has certainly expressed in a single sentence the latest verdict of astronomers; but although astronomers know that there are stars not yet discovered, and the complete number cannot be ascertained or recorded, yet God knows the exact number, because He has made them and keeps them moving in orderly arrangement through the starry heavens. Just let us turn to the twenty-sixth verse of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah."

"Isaiah comes before Jeremiah," said Ted, in an undertone to Nell, who returned his officiousness with a withering glance.

Having found the place, all read the majestic passage: "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by name by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth."

"What a wonderful passage!" exclaimed Mr. Harper.

"Here we see God as Creator and Sustainer of all the millions of stars which astronomers tell us move in their course billions and trillions of miles apart. And here too, we see the difference between stars, indicated in the words 'He calleth them all by name.' Name, signifies individuality. Astronomers speak of stars as of varying magnitude, and there are also differences in color and general appearance."

"That reminds me of the expression in the forty-first verse of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians," said Mrs. Harper. " 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' "

"What a wonderful book the Bible is!" exclaimed Mr. Marshall, thoughtfully. "I have never studied it as I ought. Why I begin to see that instead of being behind the times, as so many persons think it to be, it is so far ahead of us even in the scientific realm, that we are not able to overtake it."

During all this time Nell's cousin Sallie had remained very quiet, but her face was a study. When the Bibles were first opened, a bored look, accompanied by a half pitying, half patronizing smile might have been seen. As the passages were read and the various comments were made, the smile vanished and a look of surprise which deepened into interest took its place. This in turn was followed by an expression of embarrassment and perplexity, and now she somewhat timidly ventured to speak.

"May I ask if you take all the words of the Bible

literally? For example, how can you reconcile the statement that God created the earth in six days, when geology plainly shows us that untold ages must have elapsed before the earth became as it is today?"

"There, Professor Lou, you have a question that I should like to hear answered; that is, if you can answer it," laughed Nell.

"Sallie dear, excuse me if I suggest that you read the first verse of Genesis," said Louise, with a smile. "Certainly," replied Sallie; and opening her Bible she read: " 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' "

"You will notice dear, that this statement makes no reference to six days." Here Sam, who had been scanning the chapter, exclaimed, "but in verse five we read of the 'first day,' and in verse eight of the 'second,' and so on until verse thirty-one, when the 'sixth day' is mentioned."

"Yes, Sam," replied Louise, "that is true; but let us look again at the first verse. Here we have a short declarative sentence, of which 'God' is the subject, and 'created' is the predicate; as we would say in a grammar exercise. This sentence simply tells us that God created the heaven and the earth; in other words,—the universe; and we readily see that God existed before He created, just as truly as after He had spoken the universe into existence. It does not tell us anything more than that; although the verb 'create' in the original Hebrew, meaning—to bring into existence

without the aid of pre-existing material—reveals the fact that the creation was instantaneous and not a process of evolution."

At the word evolution, Sallie gave a quick start. "You do not believe in evolution, Louise? Why the theory of evolution is fully established. There can be no other theory concerning the origin of things."

"I will not attempt to refute your statement in my own words," replied Louise, "but permit me to quote the words of persons wiser than I. Let me read a few extracts from this book which father brought home last week. Here is what Lord Kelvin, the greatest scientist of the age says in reference to evolution:—'I marvel at the undue haste with which teachers in our universities and preachers in their pulpits are restating the truth in terms of evolution while evolution remains an unproven hypothesis in the laboratories of science.' And here is a similar statement in the next paragraph. 'The Darwinian theory of descent has not a single fact to confirm it in the realm of nature.' Professor Tyndal, Sir William Dawson, in fact the leaders of science generally, either deny evolution altogether, or admit it is only an unproven hypothesis. Virchow, the greatest world authority on physiology, says: 'Evolution is all nonsense'; and here are the words of another scientific man: 'Evolution is a puerile hypothesis'; and here is the recent statement of Professor William Bateson, the greatest living biologist: 'There is not a single shred of evidence in biology for the theory of evolution.'

There are many more but I will not read them now; only let me give you two or three sentences that have a special bearing upon this verse that we are considering. This extract is from a teacher in a theological school. It reads as follows: 'There is one book in the world which throws a clear light on the problem of origins. That book is the Bible. The speculatins of men, even the most learned of them, lead the mind into mist and uncertainty, but the Bible speaks with a firm full-toned voice, The universe is here. How and whence did it come? The Bible solves the problem in a very simple and rational way; for in its very first verse it says: *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.*' "

"Then you mean to say that God created the earth in the twinkling of an eye just exactly as we see it today, and there has been no change since the moment of creation," said Sallie, somewhat impatiently.

"No, dear, I do not mean that," replied Louise.

"The mystery deepens," said Nell. "Do explain, for this is becoming too tense."

"Be patient a moment and I think it will become more clear to us all." said Mrs. Harper sweetly. "Lou dear, I think it is time for you to take the second verse of this chapter."

"Yes, mother, I will do so; but wait a moment until I read it from this translation of the original Hebrew. Here it is:—'Now the earth had become waste and wild, and darkness was upon the face of the roaring deep.' "

"Had become," repeated Ted, "is that the tense in the Hebrew?"

"Yes," replied Louise.

"Oh, that means that the earth God created had gone to pieces," exclaimed Sam. A laugh followed, but Mr. Harper patted Sam's shoulder saying, "you have a logical mind, Sam." Unwilling to be outdone by his chum, Ted remarked, "then God had to make over the earth."

"Quite right, my son," replied Mr. Harper, "but before He made it over (or reconstructed it) thousands and thousands of years elapsed and here we may find the so-called geologic ages. You see, boys," he continued, "that geology and the Bible agree perfectly when the statements of the Bible are understood."

"Yes," said Louise, "it becomes very plain as we rightly interpret these simple but wonderful verses. I often try to picture the beginning of this chaotic condition. I believe that a disturbance in the solar system caused the sun to give forth less heat and light, which of course quickly affected the earth. The atmosphere grew increasingly cold until all vegetable and animal life died. Twilight deepened into night, while colder and colder became the atmosphere, ushering in the ice-age, of which we read in geology. Great convulsions of nature followed, until the ruined earth presented the picture painted here in Genesis: a formless, lifeless mass of earth, amid the dark expanse of roaring waters. When the ruin was complete, the Spirit of God, the same Holy Spirit of which we read in the

New Testament, who was brooding over this chaotic earthly creation, began to reconstruct and bring in some new creations, that the earth might be ready for His highest creation—man."

"Oh, I see," cried Sam, "it was this made-over earth that was done in six days."

"Yes," added Ted, "God created the earth in the twinkling of an eye, let it remain thousands and thousands of years a wreck, then made it over in six days. I see now."

"But, Lou, why did God let it become a wreck and why did it remain so, such a long time?" asked Sam.

At this moment there appeared in the door-way Katie, the maid, bearing a tray of tempting cakes and ices. "I think that we shall have to wait until some other evening for the answer to your question, Sam," said Mrs. Harper, smilingly. "What do you say to the idea of another gathering of this kind next Wednesday evening?"

"Oh, let's have it," shouted the boys.

"Very well, we will meet at half-past seven next Wednesday evening and meanwhile perhaps you will be able to look up some answers to your own questions," suggested Mrs. Harper.

Before the refreshments were served, Mr. Harper arose and said quietly, "Shall we not thank God for opening our eyes to behold wondrous things out of His word, and shall we not ask Him for further light?"

All arose, while in a few earnest, heartfelt words, Mr. Harper led in praise and petition.

CHAPTER II

"WELL, Professor Lou, are you preparing your Wednesday evening lecture?" It was the Saturday afternoon following the pleasant and profitable gathering in Louise Harper's home. Mr. and Mrs. Harper were out of town for the week end and Louise sat alone upon the broad piazza so absorbed in the pages of a book that she had not heard foot-steps upon the walk. Looking up with a start she met the roguish smile of a young man apparently on his way to the golf links beyond the orchard.

"Why, Tom, you have certainly surprised me. I did not know that you were at home. And how did you know that——that——" Louise colored as she endeavored to finish her sentence.

"How did I know that you have become a celebrity? Why it is the talk of the town. How could I help knowing?"

"Now, Tom, you are too bad. Your college degree has not cured you of joking, I see," replied Louise; "but what I meant to ask was this: How did you know about our little gathering?"

"Why, I have heard nothing else discussed since I reached home. Nell began to tell me about it before I had been home an hour, and Sam and Sallie are constantly repeating what Lou said, and even Mr. Mar-

shall had to tell me what a profitable evening he had spent in your study, and how he wishes that I had been there. And they are all counting the hours until next Wednesday evening when they expect to receive light upon all of their knotty problems; and do you know," he continued, "every time they tell me about it they add 'You ought to have been there, Tom.' I doubt if they will let me escape next Wednesday evening."

Louise was too embarrassed and perplexed to reply. To tell the truth, Tom Atherton was the very last person in all the town whom she would have cared to invite to the little gathering. Possessed of a fine, alert mind, a kind generous heart and an attractive, dominant personality, Tom Atherton was a young man who exerted an unusually strong influence over those with whom he came in contact. Louise was well aware of this and also his openly expressed rationalistic views. She knew how cleverly he could bring into ridicule some so-called "antiquated belief" founded upon the Bible. She realized with deep regret that he considered the written Word of God, as a book written by men who were far behind the times scientifically. She pictured him sitting among the little group in the study and with a single sentence turning the tide of thought away from the truth that she was trying to present. Oh, how could she have him there! Realizing at last that Tom was waiting for her to speak, she answered lightly, "I am quite sure that you are equal to finding a way of escape, Tom; but you have not yet told me

when you reached home nor how long you are to remain."

"I appeared Thursday morning just as the family were sitting down to the breakfast table and they all jumped up and rushed to greet me as if I had been the long lost prodigal son that Mr. Rivers is so fond of preaching about. I cannot tell you how long I shall remain at home; possibly all summer. My plans are not yet perfected."

"Why, Tom, Nell told me that you were to be an instructor in a select camp for boys during the summer vacation—I do not remember its location," quickly rejoined Louise.

"Sis abounds in information; but she is not always accurate," replied the young man, somewhat hastily. "The truth is this, Lou," he added after a moment's pause; "I was booked for that camp, but the directors are very religious and when they found that I could not subscribe to all of their dogmas they simply didn't want me. They were afraid that I would poison the minds of those precious boys; so here I am—a reprobate and an outcast."

There was ill-concealed bitterness in the tones of his voice and Louise hastened to change the subject. "But, Tom, your father and mother will be glad to have you at home, for you have been away so long." Louise waited for his reply, then noting the look of suffering upon his half-averted face, she stooped to pat Rover who was stretched upon the piazza in the sun.

After a long pause came the rejoinder, "I may as well tell you, Lou, that my parents are awfully cut up over my failure to qualify for the camp position. They don't pretend to be over religious, but they are church members and they feel that I have disgraced them. Of course, they don't say that in so many words; but I know that is the way they feel about it," and the young man savagely swung his golf-club in the direction of a stray pebble in the neatly kept walk.

Louise knew that he loved his parents very tenderly and she also knew that he had been their pride—almost their idol. She felt a great throb of pity for both parents and son. What could she say? The silence became really oppressive and at last she said simply, "I am sorry, Tom."

"I guess you think that I need to know my Bible better, don't you, Lou?" rejoined the young man in an attempt to recover himself. "Don't you think that I really ought to be present Wednesday evening?"

Louise hesitated. How could she have him present and how could she refuse his seeming desire to attend? Did he really care to come? Why should he want to? Tom narrowly watched her as she stood toying with a cluster of pink ramblers upon the trellis at her side; then, as if reading her thoughts, he slowly added, "Lou, you need not be afraid that I will poison the mind of anyone in your little group. I promise you that I will remain perfectly quiet. You need not be afraid to have me present. May I come?"

Louise looked into his face and in a quick intuitive flash she noted something that she had never seen there before. It was the beginning of a hunger for the truth. With a frank smile she replied, "You may come."

Gracefully expressing his thanks, Tom Atherton turned in the direction of the golf-links and Louise was alone once more. She tried to read but she found that she could not concentrate her thoughts upon her book. With insistence the little gathering upon the coming Wednesday evening pictured itself upon her mental horizon, and as she gazed upon it, she became increasingly agitated until, closing her book, she entered the house and going to her room, fell upon her knees and poured out her heart in prayer. She arose with the assurance that her Heavenly Father would care for the little gathering and for Tom Atherton.

Promptly at half-past seven o'clock upon the following Wednesday evening, Nell and her brothers and her cousin Sallie appeared and were welcomed by Mrs. Harper and her daughter. Louise had confided to her mother the events of Saturday afternoon; consequently Tom's arrival occasioned no surprise and Mrs. Harper extended to him the same hearty greeting that she gave the others.

A moment later Ted rushed down the walk to greet his two chums, Ned Glover and Charlie Wilson, while Mr. Marshall brought up the rear. Mr. Harper was a bit late as he had been detained at his office, but soon

appeared with a cheery word of welcome for each.

After all were seated, Nell exclaimed, "Now, Professor Lou, we are ready for your answers to the questions laid upon the table last Wednesday evening."

"Wait a minute, Nell, Father has something to say before we begin," replied Louise. Mr. Harper promptly arose. "My daughter feels that as these questions are so weighty, so deep, we should look to Him who created the universe and who has given us a wonderful revelation concerning his Creation, to rightly interpret the same. Let us pray." Every head was bowed as Mr. Harper committed the little gathering to the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

At the conclusion of the prayer Louise quietly remarked, "The questions before us tonight are these: How did the earth that God had created so beautiful and perfect, become the wreck that we find pictured in the second verse of Genesis? Why did God permit it to be wrecked, and why did He let it remain in that condition thousands and thousands of years before He reconstructed it? Mother suggested that we think over these questions during the week and thus possibly find the answers, or at least, the approach to them. Now let us share the results of our thinking, but suppose we read the passage before we begin." Bibles were passed and the first and second verses of Genesis were carefully read and Louise followed with the translation from the Hebrew that had proven so helpful the week before.

"Now we are ready. How did this earth become 'without form and void'? that is, formless and empty, or 'waste and wild'?" queried Louise.

"God didn't wreck it," volunteered Ted, "for He never destroys anything that He has made."

"But it couldn't have become a wreck without His knowing it, because He knows everything," suggested Ned.

"And He could have kept it from becoming wrecked, because He is an all-powerful Being," added Charlie.

"It seems as if He must have let some one wreck it, but I don't see who it could be, nor why any one should wish to do it," said Nell.

"I think that a wicked angel did it," said Sam, with the air of one who had carefully deliberated before speaking.

"What is your reason for thinking so?" asked Mr. Harper, much surprised at Sam's positiveness.

"Well," replied Sam, "you see God didn't do it, and there were no human beings to do it, and animals couldn't do it, so some one of the angels must have done it; besides it began above the earth."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Harper.

"Why, you remember that Louise said last Wednesday evening she thought the beginning of this wrecked condition was due to a disturbance in the sun. The trouble began above the earth and quickly affected the atmosphere and the earth became cold and colder, and all life died and everything went to pieces," explained

Sam. "Well," he continued, "I thought about this a great deal and then I asked Tom about it, and he said that from the scientific standpoint Louise was right. And then I thought and thought how the disturbance could begin up there, and as only God and the angels were up above the earth, I felt sure that a wicked angel must have brought about the wreck, although I don't know why he should want to."

"Angels are good, aren't they?" inquired Charlie.

"No, not all of them," replied Louise.

"Then I think as Sam does, that a wicked angel must have done it," said Ned.

"May I ask if the Bible throws any light upon this suggestion of Sam's?" inquired Sallie.

"Yes, Sallie, it does," replied Louise. "Not only does it picture this wicked angel, but it gives his name."

Sam's eyes sparkled and all looked intensely interested. "Let us turn to the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah and read the first half of the twelfth verse." Very rapidly were the leaves of the Bibles turned and all read these words: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

"There," cried Sam, "that is the name of the angel—Lucifer; but who is the speaker?"

"Look at verse twenty-four," suggested Louise.

"The Lord of Hosts," reverently replied Sam.

"Before finishing this passage in Isaiah, let us turn to another passage that tells us plainly who Lucifer

was. Let us read the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of the twenty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel. Verse twelve shows us that God is still the speaker, and although Lucifer is not here called by name, yet he is the being addressed. 'Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in all thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee.' Now look carefully at verse sixteen and see what God says that Lucifer had done," said Louise.

After a careful scrutiny Sam repeated, "Thou hast sinned."

"What a remarkable passage," said Mr. Harper. "Here we see the origin of sin in God's great universe. This is the first sinner standing before a holy God."

"But what did he do? What was his sin?" cried Ned.

"We shall find that in the passage in Isaiah," replied Mr. Harper.

"Yes," said Louise, "let us read the thirteenth and fourteenth verses." With keen interest all read the following words: "Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the North: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High."

"I don't see anything sinful in those words," said Nell.

"Nor do I," added Charlie.

"Boys," said Mr. Harper, "where is God's throne?"

"Why in heaven, I suppose," replied Ned.

"Here is a passage that tells us where it is," said Mrs. Harper.

"It is the first verse of the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah. 'Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool'; and there is a similar statement in the nineteenth verse of the one hundred and third psalm: 'The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His Kingdom ruleth over all.' "

"That word 'heavens' would seem to indicate more than one heaven, would it not?" asked Mr. Harper.

"Yes, Mr. Harper," replied Ned. " 'Heavens' is certainly plural rather than singular."

"Can you tell us how many heavens are mentioned in the Bible?" continued Mr. Harper.

"I think that we read somewhere about the 'third heaven,' " replied Ted; "so there must be three heavens at least."

"Here is the passage that Ted has in mind," said Mrs. Harper. "It is the last phrase of the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Second Corinthians. Paul speaks of 'one caught up to the third heaven.' "

"Yes, we find a plurality of heavens indicated in the Bible," continued Mr. Harper. "There is 'the heaven of heavens' as mentioned in Second Chronicles, the

second chapter and sixth verse,—also called 'heaven itself' in the twenty-fourth verse of the ninth chapter of Hebrews,—where God is said to have His throne, and where only holy angels and holy people can abide. Beneath is the starry heavens, that great expanse wherein revolve the millions of stars, 'the host of heaven,' of which we read last week. And lower still, is the atmospheric heaven immediately surrounding our earth. Now there are passages in the Bible that lead us to believe that to Lucifer had been given some oversight or dominion in connection with the earth, and lower or atmospheric heaven, and as he remained in dependence upon His Creator, he would be able to use his great gifts as God designed. Then when he cries 'I will plant my throne above the stars of God,' what does he mean? Where does he intend to place his throne?" queried Mr. Harper.

"Oh, I see," cried Sam, who had been scrutinizing the passage while listening to Mr. Harper's explanation. "Lucifer wanted to be equal with God. He was not satisfied to have his throne in the lowest heaven, he wanted it in the highest heaven, where God's throne is."

"You are quite right, Sam," replied Mr. Harper.

"I have been counting the times that he said 'I,' " interrupted Charlie. "Five times he said 'I will.' I should think that he thought more of himself than of God."

"Alas, he did," said Mr. Harper. "When he said that

he would be like (meaning equal to) God, he meant that he would no longer be dependent upon God, but that he, himself, would rule the universe."

"Why, he couldn't rule like God," said Ned. "Lucifer was only a created being and he had to depend upon God. If he should be allowed to rule the universe, it would all go to pieces."

A smile passed over the face of Louise as she quietly asked, "What if God should let him try to rule in a portion of the universe?"

"Oh, I have it, I have it," cried Sam, excitedly, "God let Lucifer try to rule over that part of the universe that had been put under his care, just to prove to him that he couldn't be independent of God."

"Yes," added Ned, "and Lucifer made a big failure, didn't he?"

"I think that our questions are practically answered," said Louise, smilingly. "We have found out who wrecked the earthly creation, through his inability to sustain the same, and Sam has helped us to see why God permitted him to do it; but do we all clearly perceive why God let it remain in a wrecked condition so many thousands of years before he undertook the work of reconstruction as recorded in the remaining verses?"

There was silence for a moment, then Ned somewhat timidly remarked, "Perhaps Lucifer wouldn't believe that he couldn't rule like God unless he found out that he could not repair the damage that he had done."

"That is a good answer, Ned," said Mr. Harper, "and

it reminds me of a sentence that I found in my reading a few days ago. Wait a moment and I will read it." Quickly turning to a small book near by, he read as follows: " 'The brooding work of the Spirit indicated in the second phrase of this passage (verse 2) reveals the patient, watchful care of God, who waited during untold ages for the misrule of Lucifer to become apparent to the angelic creation and to become recorded in the geologic strata of the earth itself.' "

"Do I understand you to mean that the so-called geologic ages are all indicated between the first and second verses of this chapter?" asked Sallie.

"Hardly that, Miss Sallie. While the earth bears marks of this awful cataclysm, yet not all of the geologic deposits were caused by this misrule of Lucifer. The sin of the human race and its awful punishment must also be taken into account. Devout geologists of the present time are calling attention to the great changes in our earth resulting from the Deluge, and a recent writer has said, 'If geologist only recognized the difference between God's original creative work and His work of reconstruction, and also the wonderful topographical changes of the flood of Noah's time, he would be able to satisfactorily explain many of the questions that now confront and puzzle him.' "

"Is it not a cause for deep thankfulness that some devout scientific men are helping people to understood these things?" said Mrs. Harper.

"Yes, mother," replied Louise, "and I have a book

written by one of these devout scientific men, that is so very helpful, I wish I could loan it to every one of my friends and acquaintances."

"I have been thinking what an awful thing sin is," said Mr. Marshall. "I have seen it in a new light tonight. What a picture of that 'I will,' of Lucifer we have been considering. A ruined earth and ages of darkness and desolation just because Lucifer chose to be independent of God."

"Yes," responded Mr. Harper, "this is indeed a terrible object lesson, but how little is it heeded. The entire human race has practically said what Lucifer said and 'We have turned every one to his own way.' We have all put 'I' in the place of God, and 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' Sin is a wilful, deliberate resistance to the authority of God, and the result is darkness, disorder, death."

"And God waits until we come to the end of self-effort," added Mrs. Harper, "and then He graciously brings order out of chaos by sending into our darkened spirit that Life which is 'The Light of Men.' "

"I think I understand better than ever before what is meant by a sinner," said Sam. "I used to think that a sinner was a person who had committed some great crime, or was a low-down, immoral wretch, but now I see that he can be clever, talented, exalted in position, and yet be a great sinner."

"Yes," replied Louise, "sin is an attitude toward God. One need not wait until he has done openly

wicked things; he need but ask himself 'What is my attitude toward God?' Of course," she added, "this attitude will be manifested in some way sooner or later, according to the temperament, training and environment of the person; and those manifestations are what we commonly call sins. They are like rootlets springing up into sight from the hidden tap-root, sin."

"I think that I begin to see the need of a better understanding of these subjects we have discussed tonight," said Mr. Marshall, thoughtfully. "It strikes me that the sin-question is not usually presented clearly enough to enable people to perceive the real nature of sin and its far-reaching results."

"You are quite right, Mr. Marshall," responded Mr. Harper, "and as a result of this failure to rightly portray sin, it follows that people treat the Work of Redemption lightly."

"Well, the Bible is a wonderful book," said Nell, breaking the silence that had followed Mr. Harper's last remark. "It contains everything worth knowing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Harper, "it is a book worthy of its Author,—God; and I feel like echoing the prayer of the psalmist, 'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' "

"Is it possible that the clock is striking nine?" exclaimed Sallie. "Why! how quickly the evening has passed."

"I hope that we shall meet again," said Mr. Marshall,

"I am becoming deeply interested in Bible study."

"Yes, indeed," cried Sam, "we ought to have another gathering, don't you think so Tom?"

"I do indeed," replied Tom, "and we all await Professor Lou's kind invitation." Before Louise could reply, Mrs. Harper smilingly said, "I am sure that Louise extends an invitation to all and we shall be very glad to welcome you next Wednesday evening, if that meets with your approval."

And so the little group dispersed, after Mr. Harper had led in a short but earnest prayer.

As Tom bade Louise good-night, he said, in a low tone, "May I be the first of your friends to borrow the the book of which you spoke tonight? I think I need it."

CHAPTER III

"MAY I come in, Lou?" The words were accompanied by a gentle knock upon the door of Louise Harper's cosy little sitting room.

"Certainly, Nell," was the quick reply; and Louise, hastening forward to greet her friend, conducted her to the little white rocker with its delicate blue cushions, from which she had hastily arisen.

The first quick glance at Nell's usually merry countenance revealed a troubled look; and after drawing a chair close to the little rocker, Louise put her arm lovingly around her friend and asked sympathetically, "What is it, dear?" After a moment's hesitation Nell replied "I suppose I may as well come to the point at once and not waste time. It is just this, Lou; I haven't been a bit happy since Wednesday night. I feel like a mean hypocrite and I know that I am a miserable sinner. Here I am a church member and a Sunday School teacher and I am not fit to be either. It seems as if I could never be light-hearted again."

Louise did not reply at once but silently prayed for wisdom and guidance. Breaking the silence at last she asked simply, "What was there in our little gathering Wednesday evening that caused you to feel this way?"

"Why we talked about sin and the awful results

of that 'I will' of Lucifer and you said sin is an attitude toward God and that one need not wait until he has done openly wicked things, but should ask himself 'What is my attitude toward God?' Well," continued Nell, "all that night I was asking myself that question. I had thought I was pretty good,—of course not perfect—you know; but still I thought I was a pretty respectable person and had never done anything very bad; but when I really saw my attitude toward God, I knew that I was a sinner. It seemed to me that the only difference between me and some really low-down girl was this: I had been so shielded that the awful root of sin had not had a chance to manifest itself in some of the ugly rootlets that I had seen in others, and from which I had turned with shrinking and hatred. But I saw that the root was there, Lou, and only needed a chance to manifest itself in any and every hideous way."

"Had you never seen that you were a sinner before this, Nell?" asked Louise.

"Why, of course, in a sort of way I knew that I was a sinner, because the Bible says we have all sinned; but I didn't feel that Nell Atherton was just a common sinner. I felt that she was a bit superior to those who were so ready to sing 'I am only a sinner, saved by grace.' I am going to tell you the whole truth, Lou"; Nell continued, "way down in my heart I didn't want to be saved by grace. Of course, I wanted to be saved; I expected to be, and I thought

I was saved; but not by grace,—no, but by character; but—Lou, I have been shown my great mistake. I am just a plain sinner"; and the tears gathered in the deep brown eyes. Louise gently clasped the hands that were restlessly creasing the folds of the pretty pink gown and said "Nell, dear, what does it mean to be 'saved by grave'?"

"Oh, I can't just explain it," replied Nell, "but if you are saved, you are happy and you are sure of heaven."

"Dearie, let me tell you a little more fully what it means," rejoined Louise. "God created human beings with the wonderful powers of the spirit and soul, that could know God; the soul part that could think, love, and choose; and there was the body through which the wonderful powers of the spirit and soul, 'the inner man,' could be expressed. Now when our far away grandfather and grandmother, Adam and Eve, sinned, of course their sinful nature was handed down to all of their descendants. Owing to the law of heredity it couldn't be otherwise, you know. Now God wanted human beings to become His own dear children, but of course they couldn't be, unless they had His life; so He, in Jesus Christ, at Calvary made it possible for them to have their sin taken away and His own life given to them. All they would have to do would be to believe that He had borne their sin and to choose to accept His Life,—Eternal Life—as a gift. Let me read this wonderful verse that contains

the whole gospel message. It is the twenty-first verse of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians. 'Him who knew no sin (that is Jesus Christ), He (God) hath made to be sin for us that we might become the righteousness of God in Him' (that is,—in Christ). Now the very instant a sinner, believing that Christ has borne his sin, chooses Eternal Life, the very Life of God comes into His spirit and he is a child of God. He is 'a sinner saved by grace'; and that wonderful new life will fill his whole being as he yields to God's working and continually reckons upon the same. That is the meaning of the precious words 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' "

"Oh! I see, I see," cried Nell "I believe that Christ bore my sin and He has made it possible for me to share His life. Oh! I choose, I choose this Life."

"As many as received Him to them gave He power (or right) to become the children of God," gently repeated Louise.

"Then I am truly a child of God, am I not?" said Nell.

"Yes, truly His child. His child for ever and ever," replied Lou.

"Oh! I am so glad, Lou. Why the troubled feeling has gone. I am happier than I ever was before in my life. Isn't it wonderful how quickly God works?"

"Yes," replied Louise, "the new birth or regeneration, as Mr. Rivers would say, is instantaneous; and Oh! Nell, this is a birth relationship with God. A

relationship that can never cease. Now suppose we kneel and Thank Him for making it possible for us to become His own dear children."

"Yes, I want to," said Nell, and quickly both girlish forms were bowed in prayer while each poured out her heart in true thanksgiving and worship.

A few mintues lates, after a loving caress, Nell took her departure; and Louise, watching from her window the girlish form tripping down the garden path, overheard her softly singing

"I am only a sinner,
Saved by grace."

Hardly had Nell passed from sight, when voices were heard approaching from the opposite direction and in a moment Ted and Sam appeared, evidently in a very merry mood. Spying Louise at her window, they waved their tennis rackets and Ted called, "Can you come down Lou, we have somethng to tell you."

"Yes, Ted, I will be with you in a moment," replied his sister, and quickly folding the sewing which had been laid aside upon Nell's entrance, Louise ran down the stairs and across the lawn to the little summer house where the boys were waiting for her.

When all were seated Louise inquired, "What is it that so greatly amuses you? Really, I am quite curious."

Both boys laughed outright, and then Sam proceeded to explain. "You remember Miss Thornton,

Sallie's classmate who made her a visit last summer, Lou? Well, she arrived yesterday for a visit of several weeks, and just as lofty and opinionated as ever."

"More so," said Ted, dryly.

"Why, boys, that is not a very charitable statement," gently remarked Louise.

"Now, Lou, you know very well what we mean," said Ted. "You remember how she thrust her opinions upon us and would never give us a chance to express what we thought about anything. She seemed to think that she knew it all, and when she had spoken, there was nothing more to be said. Well, she still thinks so—or did, until this morning."

"What happened this morning?" asked Louise.

"Oh! it is too funny for anything. I wish you had been there, Lou," said Sam. "Ted, you tell her about it."

"Well," proceeded Ted, "Sam and I were playing tennis and Tom was stretched upon the ground reading a book when Sallie and Miss Thornton appeared. They had called to see Nell but as she was not at home, we had to do the honors; so we invited them to join us at tennis, after which we all sat upon the piazza to rest a bit; and then the fun began.

"Miss Thornton glanced at Tom's book and without waiting to read more than the title, she plunged into the description of a book that she had just read. She told us what a wonderful book it was, as it so clearly portrayed the complete evolution of man; and she

proceeded to talk rapidly of 'resident forces' and 'survival of the fittest' and a lot of phrases that I cannot remember. But what she seemed to be trying to tell us was this: that millions and millions of years ago, a little something that lived and moved, wiggled and twisted until one portion extended a little farther than the rest, and after a long time developed into a leg; and bye and bye there was an extension of the opposite side and another leg appeared; and in the same way after a long period, an arm was formed, followed after another long period, by another arm. Meanwhile the rays of the sun fell a little more directly upon one spot than another, and this spot grew into an eye; and after a time the direct rays of the sun fell upon another spot and that developed into another eye. And this little living thing, after all sorts of changes during thousands and thousands of years, developed into something like an ape or monkey; and bye and bye the ape grew into a man, very low down in the scale of intelligence; and finally after thousands of years he arrived at the magnificent being that we see him today. She talked so rapidly that we had no opportunity to ask a question or to tell that we did not believe a word that she said. However, after a time, Tom, who had been listening very courteously and looking as if he were being greatly enlightened, quietly asked, 'Miss Thornton, will tell us just how this original bit of protoplasm came into existence?' Miss Thornton colored, coughed a bit and stammered,

'Why really Mr. Tom, I—I do not know that I can explain its origin. I have never thought about that.'

" 'Well,' continued Tom, 'perhaps you will kindly tell us why the resident forces caused the bit of living matter to enlarge horizontally instead of vertically or obliquely.' Oh! Lou, you should have seen Miss Thornton's face. It was really crimson and she was evidently much embarrassed.

" 'Why, Mr. Tom,' she managed to say; 'I — I really, I do not know.'

" 'Of course that is a deep question, Miss Thornton,' Tom added; 'but what puzzles me even more is this:— how did the elongation upon one side happen to exactly correspond with the elongation upon the other side; and why did not the ever shifting rays of sunlight cause the rudimentary man to become all eye?' Miss Thornton was speechless, and Tom perceiving his opportunity continued.

" 'Another thing that I find difficult to understand is this: at just what point in the evolutionary process were mental and moral powers added, and how? Really, it is a great mystery, isn't it, Miss Thornton?'

" 'Doubtless the mystery is capable of solution and in time science will be able to tell us all we need to know as to the origin of man,' Miss Thornton replied, rather faintly.

" 'I am quite sure that we shall know in due time, if we consult the right authority, Miss Thornton,' said

Tom. 'I am now studying with this in view; meanwhile, I feel that as we know so little, we must remain very humble and teachable.' "

"Why, Lou," said Sam, as Ted finished his recital, "Miss Thornton didn't have a word to say after this. She looked as if there might be something for her to learn after all; and in a minute or two she remembered that she had a letter to write and suggested to Sallie that they take their leave."

"And, Lou," added Ted, "Sallie thinks that Miss Thornton would be helped if she met with us Wednesday evening. She intends asking you to write her, I think. Suppose you tell us then what the Bible says about the origin of man"; and then as Louise remained silent, he asked, "Are you not willing to have her come, Lou?"

"Why yes, Ted, if she cares to, and if Sallie wishes me to invite her, I will do so," replied Louise.

"I am sure that it will be a good thing for Miss Thornton," said Sam, "but pretty hard for you, Lou."

"Did you ever see anyone like Tom?" exclaimed Ted, reflectively. "He can expose things to ridicule in the slickest way. Why, Lou, he has prepared the way for you to help Miss Thornton Wednesday evening, don't you see?"

"Yes, Ted, I see and I thank you and Sam for telling me about your caller. It was funny and yet boys, is it not sad that many, many persons are just as ignorant as she concerning the great fundamental truths?"

"But, Lou, how can they believe such foolish things?" asked Sam.

"Because their minds are darkened. They have not the Light of Life—the Life of God," replied Louise.

"But they can read the Bible," argued Ted.

"Yes, but they do not want to believe God's written word because it will tell them what they do not wish to know. It will show them that they are sinners and need to be redeemed and this is just what they do not care to hear. Now if you will excuse me I will run up to my room."

Once within the little sitting room Louise closed the door and buried her face in her hands, while conflicting emotions disturbed her usual poise. She reviewed the last summer when Miss Thornton's self-assertiveness and haughty contempt for the opinions of others had not only been a great trial of patience, but had resulted in a positive dislike. Not that she felt unkindly toward the girl, but she had carefully avoided meeting her whenever possible; and now she must invite her to the little gathering! How could she do it? Was there no way of escape? What ought she to do? Was it right to spoil the harmony and helpfulness that characterized the meetings of the little group, for the sake of this girl who would perhaps be unwilling to receive the least bit of light?

"If I invite her, I hope that she will not come," said Louise to herself; then reproachfully added—"but I

do want her to see the truth." For several minutes these thoughts flitted through her mind; then the Holy Spirit preciously flashed the recollection of her old pastor's words which she had carefully copied several years before. Opening her desk she found the paper and eagerly read the following words:—"When you meet a person whom you do not like, remember that the love of God has been shed abroad in your heart, and *that* love enables you to love the unlovely. Do not wait for the emotion of love; but act faith in God's Word, and in due time the emotion will come.—See Romans, chapter five, verse five, last phrase."

Falling upon her knees, Louise prayed, "Lord, I believe Thy word. Thy love is shed abroad in my heart; therefore I do love Miss Thornton now, even if I do not feel the love for her that I desire. I trust Thee to show me how to manifest this love, and I trust Thee to send her here Wednesday evening if that is Thy will; and I choose to have Thee control my emotions and my thoughts, so that I may be a channel of life and blessing to others, that Thou shalt be satisfied."

Upon rising, Louise went to her desk and selecting her most choice note paper, wrote as folows:—

My dear Miss Thornton:

I have just learned that you are visiting Sallie, and even before calling upon you, which I hope to do soon, I hasten to invite you to

a little informal gathering, to be held in my home, Wednesday evening.

Sallie will explain to you the nature of the gathering, and I am sure she will be very glad to have you accompany her.

Trusting to see you soon,

I remain

Yours very truly,

Louise Evangeline Harper.

CHAPTER IV

"LOU, Lou, guess who has come!" and Ted Harper bounded down the walk to meet his sister who was returning from a morning call.

"The President of the United States," laughingly replied Louise.

"No, it is not the president, nor is it the king of England; but someone whom you would rather see than either of those exalted beings," rejoined Ted.

"Is it—can it be—" began Louise—but before she could finish her sentence, a trim, manly form appeared in the doorway and she eagerly rushed forward to meet him. "Uncle Roger! Oh, I am so glad to see you."

"You cannot be half as glad to see me as I am to see you, my dear"; and with a tender caress, Roger Murdock led his niece to a chair upon the broad veranda.

"I have surprised you, haven't I?" he added, as he seated himself by her side.

"Indeed you have. Your last letter contained no hint of your leaving Brazil until the last of November."

"True, my dear, but just after that letter was mailed, we realized such unexpected success that we found it

unnecessary to prolong our stay; so I decided to give you all a bit of a surprise, and you seem to like it."

"We certainly do like it, brother," said Mrs. Harper, who appeared in the doorway at just that moment and gently patted his shoulder; but your long journey must have given you an appetite for home cooking; so let me lead you to the dining room. Katie is waiting to serve our lunch."

What an afternoon followed that carefully prepared and daintily served lunch.

What stories of adventure thrilled the little group upon the veranda. What a hero was Uncle Roger in the eyes of Ted; and how proudly he introduced him to Sam who appeared during the afternoon, as "my uncle, Professor Murdock, who has just returned from a wonderful scientific expedition in South America."

Truly it was a never to be forgotten day; and long into the night the members of the happy household sat listening to the entertaining and instructive words of their welcome guest.

As Ted passed the door of his sister's room on his way to bed, he whispered, "Won't it be great to have Uncle Roger with us tomorrow evening in our little Bible Study?" and Louise smilingly, nodded assent.

During the following day Sam could talk of nothing but Professor Murdock and his wonderful adventures. The thrilling stories of the day before were repeated to the members of the family collectively and individually and also rehearsed to his chums. Thus it was

that an air of unusual expectancy characterized the assembling of the little study group in the early evening.

Charlie and Ned were the first arrivals as they were anxious to meet Ted's "Wonderful Uncle Roger."

Sam and Nell were not far behind, while Tom, who had met Professor Murdock earlier in the day, appeared with Sallie and Miss Thornton.

A moment later Mr. Marshall arrived with his wife who had just returned from a long visit in a distant state, and laughingly begged that she be admitted.

After a half hour of kindly greeting and pleasant conversation, the silvery tones of the study clock caused Ted to whisper "It is time to begin, Lou."

Louise slowly arose and explained that as her father was unavoidably detained for a few minutes, she would ask her uncle to lead in the opening prayer. With the simplicity of a child addressing his father, Roger Murdock presented the needs of the little group. The need of illumination, teaching, guidance, discernment, humility, patience, love; and above all, the perception of God's eternal purpose in Jesus Christ, and the complete yielding to His will, upon the part of each one present.

This earnest petition was followed by a moment's silence; then Louise arose and somewhat hesitatingly said, "I was hoping that Uncle Roger would give us one of his interesting talks on *The Scientific Accuracy of the Bible*, this evening; but he requested that we

proceed as usual. However, he has promised to assist us if we desire his help, and I am quite sure that we shall.

"As we have considered the creation of the heavens and the earth, the chaotic condition of the earthly creation as the result of Lucifer's misrule, and the beginning of the reconstructive work of God, it would seem appropriate to now consider the crowning work of creation—man. The first account of this creation is found in verses twenty-six, twenty-seven and twenty-eight of the first chapter of Genesis. Let us read the passage slowly,—carefully noting each word."

No sooner had the reading ceased than Charlie quickly looked up from the page and asked "Professor Lou, will you please tell us what is meant by that 'us' in verse twenty-six? Was God talking to the angels?"

"Oh, no, Charlie," replied Louise. "That 'us' and the following 'our' call our attention to the fact that God is a Triune-Being. He is invisible in God the Father but manifested, or made visible in God the Son, and knowlable to human beings through God the invisible Holy Spirit; yet He is one God. We call this a tri-unity—a Trinity. But that is a deep subject which we need not dwell upon just now."

"I notice that the verb 'create' is used three times in verse twenty-seven," said Sam who had been carefully scanning the passage.

"Yes," replied Louise; "and the verb 'create' which we found means 'to bring into existence without the

aid of pre-existing material,' proves that the appearance of man was not due to the slow process of evolution, but that God spoke him into immediate being."

At these words Miss Thornton flushed angrily and would have spoken, had not the recollection of her encounter with Tom, and the fact that at that moment his keen blue eyes were fixed upon her, prevented her from so doing. And then without waiting for Louise to proceed, Tom courteously inquired, "Will it be in order to ask Professor Murdock if this statement of the Bible concerning the origin of man, is in harmony with the latest verdict of science?"

"I am sure that we shall all be very glad to hear from him," replied Louise, both relieved and pleased.

"I am glad that Mr. Atherton has used the phrase 'latest verdict of science,'" began Professor Murock; "for thereby we are made aware of the incompleteness of human knowledge. Man is only a created being and it is by a slow, painful process of long continued investigation that he arrives at any conclusion concerning the works of the Creator; and this conclusion is subsequently displaced by the results of additional investigation or discovery; therefore the latest verdict of science today, may be superseded by a later verdict tomorrow.

"With what relief do we turn to the words of the Creator Himself as He has so graciously given them to us in the Bible. *There is positive knowledge; finality.* Were scientific investigation based upon this

absolutely reliable foundation, how greatly increased would be our store of human knowledge.

"Now as to the harmony existing between the statements of the Bible and the latest verdict of science, let me reply by quoting the words of Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest of English Scientists. In an address delivered in 1903, he said: 'Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and the flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chance force. He answered, "No! no more than I believe that a book of botany could grow by mere chemical force. . . . It is not in dead matter that men live and move, and have their being; but in a creative and directive Power, which science compels us to accept as an article of faith. Is there anything so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms by falling together of their own accord, could make a crystal a microbe, or a living animal?" '

"And at another time he declared that *'there is not a single ascertained fact of science which conflicts with any statement of the Bible.'* Why even Darwin says in his *Origin of Species* 'there is a grandeur in this view of life' . . . (the creation of all life by God),—and admits that there must have been the breathing of the Creator into a few forms, at least.—Yes, Mr. Atherton there is perfect agreement between the Bible statements and those of true scientific knowledge. In other words when scientific men succeed in discovering in the realm of nature those facts that are indicated in

God's written word, of course there is perfect harmony, because man has at last found out the truth of God's statements."

"But Professor Murdock, if that is so, and I do not question it in the least, why is it that evolution, a theory of origins entirely contrary to the Bible—has taken such hold of educated men," inquired Mr. Marshall.

"There is something in natural man that causes him to desire to be independent of God," replied Professor Murdock. "That something produces a spiritual blindness and a dullness of the reasoning powers; with the result that an unproven theory is accepted in place of a positive fact. The evolutionist does not wish to believe God's Word or to be dependent upon Him and yielded to His will; therefore he constructs a theory of his own, and notwithstanding its puerility, he tries to make people believe that it is the latest verdict of science."

"If I understand you then, Professor Murdock," said Mr. Marshall, "the truly great scientific minds repudiate evolution as an unproven theory."

"Yes, Mr. Marshall, they certainly do; and Virchow, one of the foremost in scientific ranks goes so far as to denounce the theory as dangerous to the state, and has demanded that it be excluded from the schools."

"I am sure that we all thank you, Professor Murdock, for the enlightenment that you have given us, and I trust we shall profit by it," said Tom.

"Uncle Roger, why don't Christian people study the

Bible more, so that they will not be fooled by evolutionists?" asked Ted.

"God grant that they may see the need of so doing," replied his uncle, "and now, Louise, we will let you proceed."

With a smile Louise continued, "Suppose we read verse twenty-seven once more to see what else is stated in reference to the creation of man."

"Image—'in His own image.' What does that mean, Professor Lou?" inquired Sam.

"It means that God patterned man after Himself in this respect: God is a thinking, choosing, loving Being; and He created man a being who could think, choose and love," replied Louise.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nell, abruptly, her eyes shining with the light of sudden illumination, "God created human beings so that they could know Him, choose His will and love Him."

"And I like to think that God created human beings that He might have objects upon whom He could lavish His love," said Mrs. Harper, gently. "Beings who would be able to choose His life, and thus become His children."

"If God created Adam and Eve with the power to think, to choose, to love,—if they had these powers the very first instant of their being, they did not pass through a long evolutionary process; so that is the end of that nonsense," said Sam, with a positive, satisfied air. A general laugh followed and Professor Murdock

said, "God has given you a logical mind, Sam. He can use it in helping others to understand His Word, if you choose to let Him do so."

"I certainly do choose," replied Sam, very soberly.

"I wish that you would explain verse twenty-six, Lou," said Ted. "The word 'create' is not there at all."

"I think that we shall better understand this verse if we read the seventh verse of chapter two," replied his sister. "As we read, let us notice the verb used here."

Carefully the following words were read: "And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

"Why, the verb used here is 'formed,' not 'created,'" said Ted, with a puzzled look.

"Are not two distinct authors indicated by the different verbs used, and the change from 'God' to 'LORD God?'" inquired Sallie. "Our college professor in sacred literature told us that this was so."

"I will ask Uncle Roger to help us at this point," replied Louise.

"I shall try to be very simple in my explanation," said Professor Murdock.

"Suppose that Mr. Marshall desires to undertake the manufacture of a new line of goods. One day in conversation with his friend and neighbor, Mr. Harper, he remarks, 'I have decided that I must have a new manufacturing plant with up-to-date equipment'; and

he proceeds to describe the wonderful machinery which he contemplates purchasing. Mr. Harper is much interested and asks 'what material will you use in the construction of the building?' Mr. Marshall replies, 'I shall construct it of cement.' Now, Ted, which was the new manufacturing plant the machinery or the concrete building?" inquired Professor Murdock.

"Why,—why neither, uncle. I mean that it took both to make Mr. Marshall's new manufactory."

"Certainly, Ted, but concerning which did Mr. Marshall have most to say?"

"Why, the wonderful machinery," replied Ted.

"Yes, and we might call that the inner part, and the building the outer part, could we not?" suggested his uncle.

"Yes, Uncle Roger, and the outer part would have to be made first."

"Quite right; and now let us imagine that after the building is complete and the machinery installed therein, Mr. Harper remarks to a business acquaintance, 'Mr. Marshall has installed some new up-to-date machinery,' and proceeds to describe the same. The man appears much interested, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Harper learns that he is Mr. Marshall's boyhood friend and school-mate; whereupon Mr. Harper fully describes the building of cement and its appointments, as well as the machinery; concluding with the statement,—'so you see that John Marshall has the best equipped manufacturing plant in the city.'

"Now, boys, were there two men describing Mr. Marshall's manufacturing plant, or one?"

"One," replied the boys in chorus.

"Then why the change of name?" asked Professor Murdock. "In one sentence the owner of the plant is called 'Mr. Marshall,' and in the next 'John Marshall,' " continued the professor.

"Mr. Harper called the owner 'John Marshall,' because he had just learned that he was an old friend of his business acquaintance," quickly replied Sam.

"Yes, Sam, you are right. The new name implied an intimacy which the former did not," replied Professor Murdock. "Now in the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis we find the word 'God' which in the Hebrew is 'Elohim,' the meaning of which is 'the strong, self-existent One'; but in verse seven of chapter two, we find 'LORD GOD'—or 'Jehovah Elohim,' which signifies 'the self-existent One who reveals Himself.' This is a more intimate name and suggests that in the creation of man, God will have beings to whom He will be able to reveal Himself."

"Does not the name Jehovah Elohim, or LORD God, point to the 'Word' of the first verse of the gospel of John?" inquired Mrs. Harper.

"It does," replied Professor Murdock, and we need to remember also that Jehovah is the redemptive name of God; therefore this new name does not signify another writer as the so-called 'higher critics' teach, but it preciously sets forth the possibilities of a new re-

lationship between God and the human beings whom he has created."

"Your explanation is very helpful, Professor Murdock," exclaimed Mr. Marshall. "I am sure we all perceive that each of the various verbs is used in precisely the right place. God desired human beings, so He said 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' This is a declarative sentence concerning the origin of man but it does not state whether man is to be created, or formed of material previously created. However, we are told in the next verse that the inner man was *created;* and in verse seven of the second chapter, we are shown that the house in which this wonderful creation was to be placed, was formed of dust. And very beautiful is the change of names as we understand its significance. Not until the creation of man, was there a created thing on earth to whom God could reveal Himself. I am truly sorry that the higher critics have entirely missed the point of the story."

"I have been thinking of some of the precious passages in the epistles where the expression 'inner man' and 'outer man' are used," said Mrs. Harper. "In the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Ephesians, Paul prays for the Christians to whom he is writing that they may be 'strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man'; and in the sixteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians we read, 'though our outward man (the body) perish, yet the inward

man (the part that thinks, wills, loves and lives for ever) is renewed day by day.' While in the first verse of the next chapter, the body is plainly called 'our earthly house' which is strengthened as God's Holy Spirit fills and controls the inner man."

"Professor Murdock, may I ask a question?"

"Certainly, Sam. What is it?"

"How long a time was the body of man formed before God created the invisible part that thinks, wills and loves?"

"I think that when God breathed the human life-principle into that lifeless body of prepared earth, the act of creation took place," replied the professor. "Thus we see that man's appearance was instantaneous. One moment there was not a human being in all the universe; the next moment, a man in the full exercise of all his wonderful powers, stood in the Garden of Eden —praising his Creator."

"Oh! how God has dignified—yes, honored man," exclaimed Mrs. Harper.

"I am reminded of the words of Job that we find in the seventeenth verse of the seventh chapter," said Mr. Harper, who had quietly entered while Professor Murdock was speaking. "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him, and that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him?"

"God has honored man and the evolutionists have degraded him," said Ned, who had been listening most attentively.

"Yes," replied Professor Murdock, "That is true, but they do not understand what beings Adam and Eve were as they came from God's creative hand."

"Professor Murdock," said Sallie, "do you mean to say that Adam and Eve were as intelligent as human beings of today?"

"Why should they not be, Miss Etherton?"

"Why, because—because—because they had not enjoyed our advantages," replied Sallie, in evident confusion.

"But they had been created by God, and His creations were perfect specimens of their respective planes of life," rejoined Professor Murdock.

"Let me point you to a proof of Adam's wonderful powers. Let us all read the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth verses of this same chapter. Now I am sure that you are aware of the difficulties attending classification of animals. At the present time proper classification requires much careful study and no amateur would attempt so formidable a task; yet this man easily classifies all the animals brought before him."

"I had never thought of that before," said Sallie, and added, "then you would seem to imply that Adam and Eve were superior to us of today, Professor Murdock."

"Yes, Miss Atherton, in their powers of spirit, soul and body, they were greatly superior to us. True, they were created for something still higher—even sonship; or, in other words, they were so created that they could

choose to partake of the life of God; to become partakers of the divine nature; but as they came from the creative hand of God, they were superior to any of their descendants. The trouble is this: there has been terrible deterioration in the human race since the creation of Adam and Eve, the cause of which, the Bible plainly reveals; and thank God, it reveals the cure as well."

"I think I know what you mean Professor Murdock," said Nell. "You refer to sin and to Christ's Redemptive work at Calvary, do you not?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Helen, and I am glad that you know."

"Louise dear, may we read the eighth psalm? I have been thinking of it all the evening," said gentle Mrs. Marshall.

"I am sure that it is most appropriate and we shall be glad to read it, Mrs. Marshall," replied Louise.

As the grand old psalm was read by all, it seemed a fitting close to the evening's study.

In the hush that followed, the members of the little group realized that God had indeed given light; and when Mr. Harper said, "Let us return thanks to God for His illumination," every head was bowed and more than one heart said, "Amen."

CHAPTER V

THE lovely summer days were passing all too swiftly for Louise Harper.

Each morning as she tore a leaf from her Daily Promise Calendar, the large figures reminded her that the "breaking up time," as Ted called it, was drawing very near.

Only four days remained of her uncle's visit, and the day following his departure, Ted, with Sam, Ned and Charlie, were to leave for their summer camp; while a few days later, her father and mother were to start upon a European trip. On this particular morning there were tears in the sweet blue eyes as she detached her "promise."

Louis possessed one of those intensely loving, constant natures to whom even a temporary parting from dear ones, causes real suffering; therefore as she realized the nearness of the parting time, a great wave of loneliness rushed over her.

Mechanically she glanced at the promise upon the printed slip and read

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"Lo, I am with you alway."

"Commit,—trust and He shall bring it to pass."

Quickly brushing away the tears she exclaimed aloud, "Lord, I know that thou wilt never leave me.

Thou art with me all the days; and as the going out of my dear ones is in Thy plan, I commit them unto Thee, that thou wilt preserve their going out and their coming in, and I trust Thee to bring to pass all the good pleasures of Thy will in their lives." Then with a trustful smile, she ran downstairs to the breakfast room.

The morning meal was hardly over when Nell appeared breathless and excited, beckoning to Louise who ran down the walk to meet her.

"Oh! Lou, have you heard about brother Tom?"

"Tom, why what do you mean, Nell?"

"Why your uncle has asked Tom to accompany him as an assistant on his Rocky Mountains Expedition. It was not decided until last night and Tom tolds us this morning. He wanted to tell you, but as he had to take the first train for Town this morning, he asked me to be sure to tell you. Now isn't that just grand?" added Nell.

"Yes, indeed," replied Louise. "I am very glad."

"Lou, do you know that Tom is thinking very seriously? I shouldn't be surprised if before very long he—he—really believed. Don't you think so too, Lou?" inquired Nell, earnestly.

"I do indeed, Nell, and when he believes, God can use him greatly. We will continue to pray for him, dear."

"Then you are praying for him, Lou?"

"Certainly, Nell."

"Oh! I am so glad, Lou. And now I have another

important matter to talk over with you," said Nell. "What do you think of a picnic party for our little study group before we separate?"

"I think that it would be lovely," replied Louise with enthusiasm. "Let us find mother and talk it over with her."

Mrs. Harper was in the garden cutting a few delicate blossoms for one of her several shut-ins, when the girls presented their plan. As Louise had expected, her mother thought the plan a good one and was ready with suggestions at once.

"How would Oakland Grove do for the spot?" inquired Mrs. Harper.

"There are the grand oaks and the interesting ledge, while nearby is the lovely river which always pleases Uncle Roger."

"Just the place," cried the girls; "and now we must plan concerning the food, which to the boys, is of more importance than the grove," said Nell laughingly.

An animated conversation followed in which sandwiches of various kinds, jellied chicken, cake, cookies, tarts and other delicacies were freely discussed.

What busy hours followed, and how carefully were weather indications regarded as the time drew near. "Do you think it will rain, Lou?" asked Nell for the sixth time, as the two girls sat upon the veranda the evening before.

"No, dear, I think that we shall have a pleasant day. See what a glorious sunset we have."

Louise was right. A more perfect day could hardly

be imagined, and it was indeed a merry little group that set out in the morning sunshine for Oakland Grove.

The natural beauty of the place appealed to all, and cameras were soon busy in every direction. The Ledge furnished the topic for an intensely interesting talk on the Formation of Rocks, by Professor Murdock.

Of course there had to be races for the boys, and games in which all participated; and then came the lunch, which the boys declared was the "best ever," and which Uncle Roger pronounced "perfect in design and complete in execution."

After the lunch came the rest-time, when the boys stretched themselves upon the ground and the older persons chose comfortable quarters in the hammocks or upon the rustic seats which the girls had made restful with cushions.

"Professor Lou," said Ned, abruptly breaking the silence, "do you realize that this is the last gathering of your study class this summer?"

"I do indeed, Ned," replied Louise with feeling.

"Well," continued Ned, "there is one subject that is not very plain to me. May I ask a question?"

"Certainly, Ned," replied Louise.

"My question is this: Was not Adam a child of God when the LORD God breathed into him the breath of life?"

"I wish that Uncle Roger would answer that question," said Louise, glancing appealingly to her Uncle.

"I will do so gladly, if you wish, Louise," replied Professor Murdock.

"Ned, when the LORD God breathed the breath of life—which was merely the human life-principle—into the lifeless form of Adam, what did Adam become?"

"A living soul," replied Ned.

"Yes, or we might say, a living being; for that is the meaning of this expression. Now the biologist classifies each plane of life. These magnificent oaks are on the plane of vegetable life, which is simple, unconscious life. Those cows grazing in the pasture upon the opposite bank of the river belong to the animal plane of life. You are upon the plane of human life. Now all life upon these various planes was created by God; but would you say that He possessed created life? Could you include His life in the classification to which we have just alluded?"

"No, Professor Murdock. God's life is quite different. He always was. His life was not created."

"How would you characterize the life of God?"

"Well," slowly replied Ned, "God's life is a not-created, or, perhaps I should say, uncreated life."

"Uncreated, is right, Ned. Now was Adam created, or uncreated?"

"Why, he was created."

"Then biologically upon what plane of life was he?" inquired the professor.

"Upon the plane of created human life," replied Ned.

"If God were to have beings whom he could call His children, what kind of life must they have?"

"I see," said Ned. "They must have the same kind of life. No, Adam was not a truly child of God. Thank you, Professor Murdock, I understand now."

"But, Professor Murdock, do you not believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man?" asked Sallie.

"Just what do you mean by the Fatherhood of God, Miss Atherton? Do you use that term in a poetical sense or in the biological?"

"Why I—I—I hardly know how to answer you, Professor Murdock," replied Sallie in much confusion.

"I think you mean it in the poetical sense," said the professor, kindly. "You mean that as God is Creator and Sustainer of man, He is to be regarded as the Father of all. Is not that your meaning?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Sallie. "And if God is the Father of all, then, of course men are brothers," she continued. "Our professor in Sacred Literature in college always emphasized this point and frequently told us that if our relation to our Heavenly Father were constantly recognized, our relation to our brother man would be ideal."

"But, Miss Atherton, beautiful as is this conception, biologically it is incorrect; for all men are not the children of God, as we have proven. Each human being who is a real child of God has a measure of

God's own uncreated life in his spirit. There must be something more than the fact of creation, to constitute sonship. Sonship implies a birth relationship."

"Do we not enter into such relationship with God through sustained moral effort and perfection of character?" asked Miss Thornton.

"My dear Miss Thornton, I feel that you fail to perceive the sharply defined lines, that exact biological science is obliged to draw. Life on each plane is distinct, apart. Life on one plane can never generate life upon a higher plane. At best it can only reach its individual goal. Look at that noble oak. Years and years it has been growing, sending out its branches in every direction and towering higher and higher season after season. It is one of the finest specimens of the oak life that I have ever seen; but look at that little bird upon its topmost bough. Just listen to its song. Isn't that sweet? Ah! there it goes sailing through the air. Now the tree may reach its goal of oak life perfection, but never can it partake of the life of that little bird. No, there is an impassable barrier between all vegetable life and animal life.

"Rover is a fine dog; about the best dog I have seen," continued the professor, patting the shaggy head at his feet, which gentle act was acknowledged by the slow wag of the tail and the half-opened eyes of the sleepy animal; "but try as he may, he can never possess the life of his master. Rover will continue to be the very best kind of dog; but human life he can

never know. Now a human being may be a pretty good sort of person. He may be morally clean, intellectually gifted, kind-hearted, upright; but he is not thereby elevated to the plane of life above him. No, again there is an invisible barrier. All of his efforts are on the plane of human life only; while the unreachable plane of Eternal or Uncreated Life, is far above him." Miss Thornton drew a long breath but made no reply.

"But, Uncle Roger, when God created man, didn't He make him so that he could become a child of God?" asked Ted.

"Yes, Ted; and because of this fact, all men may be called potential sons of God. Do you see the difference between potential sons, and actual ones, Ted?"

"Yes, Uncle, I think that I do. A potential son is one who may choose the life of God, and the actual son is one who has chosen."

"You are right, Ted," replied his uncle.

"Brother, from the biological standpoint, what would be necessary if life on one plane were ever to know life on a higher plane?" asked Mrs. Harper.

"Two conditions would be necessary," replied Professor Murdock. "There must be a prepared organism to receive such a life, and a prepared medium of transmission from the higher to the lower, so that the new life might be received as an immediate, instantaneous bestowal. Now no object on the plane of vegetable life has a prepared organism to receive animal

life; nor is there any object containing both kinds of life that could serve as the medium of transmission. Again, the animal has not a prepared organism for human life, and there is no medium of transmission; but when we reach human life, we find that God has endowed human beings with a prepared organism to receive the life of God. That wonderful inner man which we found that God patterned after Himself, is the prepared organism. In other words, God created man with wonderful powers whereby he might know that there was a higher plane of life for him, and He created him with the power to choose this life."

"Oh! Professor Murdock, I know who is the prepared medium of transmission,—the Being who has both human life and the life of God," exclaimed Nell impulsively as the great truth burst upon her. "It is Christ, our Lord and through Him, the life of God comes right into our humanity. Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, dear Miss Helen, it is wonderful. 'Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh.'"

"Professor Murdock, Ned's question had to do with Adam before his sin. We have proven that Adam was not created a child of God, but how could he have so become before the Incarnation and Redemptive work of Calvary?" inquired Mr. Marshall.

"Choosing the life of God, before sin stained the human personality, would have been a simple prob-

lem, whereas sin has made it complex," replied Professor Murdock. "Adam and Eve were so created that they could perceive that a higher plane of life awaited their choice. This life of God, stored in the Eternal Son,—the Jehovah Elohim, of whom we have studied, might have entered their spirits in the Garden of Eden had they chosen to receive the same. Instead they listened to the seductive voice of the tempter; they made their fatal choice; they fell; and owing to the biological law—the law of heredity,—that like produces like,—their descendants, without exception, have partaken of their sinful nature. This condition, then, made it necessary for God to reveal and execute His wonderful Plan of Redemption; for we have already seen that man cannot through any amount of self-effort, elevate his plane of life. If God were ever to have children, He must provide the way, *Man could do nothing,* and unless *God should do,* man would remain apart from God through endless ages. Therefore the LORD God laid aside much of His glory, but *not His Dîvine nature,* and became flesh."

"The Word became flesh and dwelt among us," softly repeated Mrs. Harper.

"Christ Jesus,—being in the form of God, did not reckon His equality with God a thing to be clung to; but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant; and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," added Mr. Harper.

For a full minute, Professor Murdock remained very quiet, resting his head upon his hand; then speaking very slowly he said, "My dear friends, we shall never be able to appreciate the depths of humbling indicated in this passage. We are so important, so satisfied, so self-complacent, that we cannot conceive of this emptying of the Mighty God to be made in the likeness of man. Think what it would mean for Mr. Harper to so empty himself of His manhood's glory as to be made in the likeness of one of those tiny insects moving in the sunlight; and yet this emptying of the Eternal Son was a greater humbling."

The little group remained in silence which was broken at last by the rich voice of Mr. Harper singing—

"They say my Lord was but a man
Who struggled on like you and me
To give the world a perfect plan
Of what a perfect man should be.
But I know He has redeemed me,
From my sin he set me free,
Yes I know He has redeemed me,
For He died on Calvary."

As he repeated the chorus, he was joined by Mrs. Harper and Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Professor Murdock, Nell and the boys. Tom, Sallie and Miss Thornton alone remaining quiet.

"Professor Murdock," said Sallie, desiring to direct the conversation into less serious channels—"last sum-

mer I attended a conference during which one of the questions handed in was this: 'If you could not believe in the Virgin Birth could you retain your belief in God?' The very spiritual, scholarly minister in charge of the question-box answered this question in the affirmative. How would you have answered it, please?"

"In the negative, most decidedly," replied the professor, severely; but before he could say more, Tom exclaimed, "Sallie, you have not been following the argument. Do you not see that this 'emptying' precludes the possibility of Christ's being merely a man like the rest of us? And where is the prepared medium of transmission, if Christ had only the human life of Joseph and Mary?" The directness and earnestness of these few words produced an almost startling effect. Sallie colored and mumbled an apology; while the boys fixed their eyes on Tom with a gaze of mingled surprise and admiration; meanwhile in the hearts of those who had been praying for Tom, there was a thrill of joy and a burst of praise.

"Uncle Roger," said Louise, tactfully introducing a new subject, "will you tell us how the claims of God's holiness as well as the claims of His love were satisfied through the Redemptive Work of Christ?"

"I will try to do so, dear," replied her uncle.

"We know that God is Love, but He is holy also," began the professor. "God's holiness and man's sinfulness can never coalesce. God can never be anything else than holy; man can never be anything else than

sinful in his natural condition. We see, then, that the claims of God's holiness would necessitate the removal of sinners from His immediate presence and would render impossible any fellowship or relationship between them.

"But the claims of His love as well as the claims of His holiness must be considered. God's love yearns over the race of sinners. He loves them with His own Eternal Love which can never change. He longs to clasp them in His arms and call them sons. Now here are distinctly opposing claims. How shall they be reconciled? Only in a judicial manner. Let me illustrate: Two men have opposing claims, therefore they go to the court of justice. Each tells his story while the judge patiently listens; then he renders his judgment, which is the official declaration concerning the truth of the statements submitted to him for consideration, based upon the laws of the state. Now in connection with the opposing claims of God's holiness and His love, what is the 'judgment'—or declaration of justice? This: The claims of God's love are just and His love has the right to effect any possible change in the condition of sinful beings that will cause them to satisfy His heart; but this change of status must also uphold and satisfy His Holiness. Do you follow me, Ted?"

"Yes, uncle, that is fair; to let His love do anything that will satisfy His heart and at the same time perfectly satisfy His holiness," replied Ted.

"Well, at Calvary His suffering love achieved that for human beings which would enable them to become His own dear children and to eventually become conformed to the image of Christ, thus satisfying His Love; and because of the absolute holiness of the One who bore the sin-penalty, the claims of His holiness were upheld and magnified."

"Someone has said that the death of Jesus was a more splendid vindication of righteous rule than the death of all the sinners would have been," said Mr. Harper.

"Do you understand how that could be, boys?" asked Professor Murdock. After a moment's thought Sam replied, "Why sinners deserved to suffer; but Jesus didn't; and the fact that Jesus suffered death for our sins, shows what He thought about sin."

"You are right, Sam. Sin is an awful thing. It is rebellion against God; and Christ, the Holy One, bore the sin of the human race and its dreadful results, that we might be delivered from its guilt and its power; yes and bye and bye from its very presence."

"You consider Calvary something more than the 'Supreme Sacrifice 'that so many of our modern ministers talk about, do you not?" asked Mr. Marshall.

"I do indeed. I consider it a *redeeming achievement*," replied Professor Murdock; "and we may summarize in a single sentence: *Christ's Redeeming Work at Calvary settled the sin question of the human race once for all, just as God would have it.*"

"Then God has made it possible for everybody to become His child," said Ned; "only each one will have to choose His life," he added.

"Yes, Ned, God in Christ has done it all; but we must individually receive His gift. He will not force this upon us, but He lovingly waits for us to choose to receive." There was silence for a time, then Ned said simply but earnestly "I choose."

"So do I," said Charlie.

"Praise the Lord," said Professor Murdock, while his face shone with joy.

"I chose a long time ago when mother told us about Christ dying for us," said Ted, "and I have been glad ever since that I did."

"And I chose when Ted told me all about it," said Sam, "and," he added with emphasis, "I know it is true."

"I am sorry to say that I did not choose until after our lesson on sin; but I have chosen, and oh, I am so very glad," said Nell with shining eyes.

"My dear friends," said Professor Murdock, "our Heavenly Father is very kind to let our last little gathering be such a precious one. Let us thank Him."

The words of that simple prayer were never forgotten by the members of the little group, nor were its earnest petitions unanswered in their lives.

CHAPTER VI

THE brief November day was drawing to a close. Dull grey clouds had been hanging low for hours, and now their moisture had begun to discharge in cold rain drops which were soon followed by small wet flakes of snow.

Louise Harper and Helen Atherton, just emerging from the close little mission room looked out upon the damp pavement with surprise. "I am glad that you were thoughtful enough to suggest our taking umbrellas, Lou, for these rain drops are icy cold. Why they are turning to snow! A flake just fell upon my cheek, Lou."

"Well, Nell, I am sure that the little snowflake could not have found a cheek more plump and rosy upon which to fall," replied Louise with a gentle pressure of the arm linked within her own.

"Indeed it might have found one far more beautiful, if it had fallen in your direction, Lou," rejoined Nell.

The snowflakes rapidly multiplied as the girls continued their homeward way, until in an incredibly short time the ground was actually white.

"Lou, does not the first snow-fall always remind you that Christmas is near?" asked Nell, vigorously shaking the accumulated snowflakes from her umbrella as the two girls stepped upon the veranda of Louise Harper's home.

"Yes, Nell, I think that it is a Christmas reminder; and this year our first snow-fall is so late, that Christmas is really quite near. Do you realize, dear, that there are only thirty days before the twenty-fifth of December?"

"Oh dear," sighed Nell, "how shall I ever get ready for Christmas? There is so much to be done and I haven't made a single preparation."

The girls were now removing their wraps and preparing to go upstairs to Lou's little sitting room.

"Now dear, what are you planning to do for Christmas?" asked Louise, as she seated herself on the cozy couch by the side of her friend.

"Well, Lou, first of all I must order my Christmas cards. I have never been so late before in giving my order at the Christmas Greeting Studio; but somehow none of the designs appealed to me this year. They seemed to lack the real Christmas spirit. I wish that I could have something that would be really worthwhile,—something that would speak for Christ and let my friends know that I am His."

"I know what you mean, dear," said Louise, sympathetically. "Christmas has become so commercialized that it is no longer a holy day. Christians have followed the people of the world in the matter of Christmas observance, until the true meaning of the day has almost disappeared." Then as if a bright thought had suddenly presented itself, she quickly arose and reaching a box upon her closet shelf drew from thence a

large package of cards from which she selected one and passed it to Nell.

"There, dear, read those lines and tell me if they are not just what you have in mind."

Nell read as follows:—

"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is what the angels sing,
And I expect to help them
Make the courts of heaven ring;
But when I sing Redemption's story
They will fold their wings;
For they have never known the joy
That our Salvation brings."

"With best wishes for a holy Christmas."

"Oh! Lou," she exclaimed, "I wish that I could have those lines for my Christmas greeting."

"You can, Nell. That card was sent to me last Christmas by a dear friend who will be glad to take orders for as many as you wish."

"Oh! I am so glad," replied Nell, "and I will give her my order immediately; but, Lou dear, however am I to make or purchase all my Christmas gifts. There are so many to remember."

"What gifts had you thought of making, Nell?"

"Oh! I had thought that I would work some slippers for father, embroider a doily for mother, and crochet neckties for Tom and Sam; and then there is Sallie, and Miss Thornton, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and

you, you darling, and—and—oh! so many dear friends, whom I wish to remember," replied Nell, breathlessly.

"But, Nell, Christmas is not our birthday, it is His."

"Why, what do you mean, Lou? Is it not right for us to give to our dear ones?"

"Oh! yes. It is a real joy to give to those whom we love; but why not give upon their birthday instead of upon His?"

"I do not quite understand you, Lou. I have always thought Christmas was the time for giving to our friends," said Nell with an air of perplexity.

"Dearie," replied Louise, putting her arm lovingly around her friend, "does your father need new slippers?"

"Why no, he does not need them," replied Nell. "He has not worn those that I gave him last Christmas more than two or three times."

"How is it with Tom and Sam? Are they in need of new neckties?"

"No," laughed Nell. "They have boxes and boxes of them; and you need not ask me about the doily, Lou, for Mother has more than she will ever use. I think I begin to have a glimmer of what you mean, Lou. You think that such giving as I proposed, lacks the true Christmas spirit, don't you?" Louise smiled in reply and Nell continued. "If I should give poor old Mr. White, who sits all day with his crippled feet in

rough, cracked old shoes, a pair of soft comfortable slippers, you would consider that the true kind of Christmas giving, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, dear, I should; and if you sent an accompanying note, such as your tender loving heart would prompt you to write, he would thank you over and over again and in his gratitude would exclaim 'Praise the Lord, for sending me these slippers. He knew just what I needed!' He would recognize Christ as the real giver, while you were His messenger. You know, Nell," Louise continued, "that Sovereigns often celebrate their birthdays by giving presents to the poor and needy. Now Jesus Christ is our King, and we observe Chirstmas as His Birthday. He desires to bestow gifts of various kinds upon that day, and He must have messengers by whom He may send these gifts."

"I see," said Nell, "and I want to be His messenger; but, Lou, what can I give my dear ones, for they are not in need of clothing or food?"

"Ask Him to show you what He would have you give them, dear. His gifts are by no means confined to clothing and food."

"Do you always pray about your Christmas giving, Lou?" inquired Nell, gazing earnestly into the face of her friend.

"Always dear. Why Nell, are we not told to 'pray without ceasing,' and that means we are to pray about everything. Of course we are not to spend all of our time upon our knees; but we should ever be in that

dependent attitude that naturally looks to Him for guidance about everything."

"And are you always sure that you know just what He wants you to do?"

"Why it is possible for me to fail to understand His will and to make mistakes; but I know that I make fewer mistakes than I would if I were not constantly looking to Him for guidance," replied Louise.

"There!" exclaimed Nell, "I know now why you gave me that Daily Guide calendar last Christmas, and in the accompanying note, suggested that as I read the verse for the day, I should look up the context. The Lord knew that I was getting awfully careless about reading the Bible, and He put it into your heart to give me that Christmas gift, didn't He, Lou?"

"I think so, dear."

"I used to think that it would be impossible to 'pray without ceasing'; but you have helped me to see that it is possible, because it is an attitude toward God which should remain unchanged," added Nell.

"I think that the best definition of prayer is that which our dear old pastor gave us," said Louise. "He used to say that 'prayer is a definite, yielded, beseeching, expectant attitude toward God.' This is just like a little child looking up into its mother's face and making its needs and wants known. It is the simple natural attitude of the child of God. The attitude is maintained constantly and is expressed in words when necessary."

"Oh! Lou, from this time I shall trust the Lord to

keep me in the prayer attitude constantly, so that I too, may pray about everything, even Christmas gifts," said Nell.

"But now we must talk about our Mission class. What shall we do for those children, on Christmas Day? Do you think that we might have a tree, Santa Claus and a Christmas cantata, as they always do in our Sunday School?"

Louise did not reply at once. Indeed she remained silent for so long a time that Nell looked at her questioningly. At last she spoke. "Would He not be better pleased if the time spent in rehearsing for a cantata were given to memorizing some portion of His Written Word?"

"Yes, Lou, I am sure that He would. Why I have spent hours and hours rehearsing for a Christmas play and after it was all over, I did not know Him one bit better—nor did any one else either. But what about the tree and Santa Claus? Those poor children have so little beauty in their lives that I think we might have a tree with its decorations for them, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think that we might give them the pleasure of a tree; but Nell, it seems to me that Santa Claus might well be omitted. Do you not think that this imaginary being has really seemed to obscure the Real Being whom we want little children to love?"

"Yes," laughed Nell. "When I was a little girl I was told that if I were naughty, Santa Claus would

not bring me a Christmas present; and do you know, my childish horizon was so filled with Santa Claus, that I never once thought of associating my Christmas gifts—which, by the way I always received, whether I had been good or bad—with Christ's birthday at all."

"It is sadly true," replied Louise, "that Christian parents and teachers miss a wonderful opportunity at Christmas time. How preciously the little ones might be led to love our Lord, if the time spent in telling them about Santa Claus, were given to telling the true Christmas story."

"Well, we'll have the story, Lou; but you will have to tell it. I really don't know how to talk to little children about the birth of Jesus Christ. It is so wonderful,—so difficult to explain."

"Yes, I realize that it is difficult," replied Lou, "but I recall what the writer of an exceedingly helpful book on Spiritual Training of Children says concerning this story. She calls attention to the fact that little children accept the wonderful, the mysterious in a matter of fact way. A statement that would be challenged by the trained intellect of an adult is accepted at once and without question by the little child; therefore she advises that in telling the story of the birth of Jesus, the deep theological truths which the adult must know, be presented to the child, clothed in such language as he is able to grasp. She argues that such presentation lays a foundation that cannot be destroyed by the

storms of rationalistic teaching or the winds of doubt."

"I shall be as eager as the children to hear your story, Lou, as I cannot yet see how you can clothe theology in infantile raiment."

"Pray that I may do so, Nell, for His dear sake."

During the next hour the Christmas gathering in detail was fully discussed, plans outlined and God's blessing earnestly invoked; after which, Nell took her departure; calling back as she tripped down the walk, "The storm is over. I can see the stars."

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. A light fall of snow the day before had clothed each branch, bough and twig with "ermine too dear for an earl"; while icy pendants shone like diamonds in the glow of the clear sunlight.

"It is an ideal Christmas morning," remarked Mrs. Harper, as she lovingly greeted her daughter. "May this be the happiest Christmas that you have ever known."

"Thank you, Mother dear," replied Louise, returning her mother's fond caress, "and I wish you just the same."

Breakfast and morning prayers were hardly over, when Ted who was watching Rover frolicking in the snow, suddenly exclaimed "Here comes the Postman. He is almost bowed double with packages. I guess I'd better go to his rescue"; and with a bound, he rushed down the walk.

"Here is a package for you, Mother, and here are

two for Lou, and,—yes, here is one for Father and one for me," said Ted, as he sorted the mail, upon the breakfast table.

"You'll have to help me with these cards, Lou, for I am in a hurry to open my package. Did you ever see such a heap of envelopes! White, pink, blue, yellow, brown, large and small. Here is one that looks as if it came from a lumber camp," and Ted tossed a somewhat soiled and crumpled envelope across the table to his sister.

As Louise glanced at the handwriting, her heart gave a quick little throb, and hastily she placed the envelope under the more dainty ones. Ted was too absorbed with his own mail to notice this movement, so no further comment was made.

Mechanically Louise opened her delicately tinted envelopes and exhibited the lovely cards with their words of Christmas greeting; then quietly slipping away, she went up to her little sitting room, and closing the door, she opened the strange looking envelope and read as follows:—

In the Rockies, miles from anywhere.

Dear Professor Lou:—

I am too far from civilization to purchase a Christmas greeting card; but I am sending this line by one of our faithful Indian helpers to the nearest post-office, with the earnest hope that it may reach you Christmas morn-

ing; and I am quite sure that it will mean more to you than any card that I could possibly send.

I wish to tell you that another member of your little study class has "made his choice" and is now rejoicing in Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour and Lord.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

Tom.

Tears of joy filled the blue eyes, while a tremulous smile played about the lips; then kneeling by the little couch where she had so often prayed for Tom, Louise poured out her heart in praise to Him who had answered her prayer.

Swiftly passed the hours of the happy Christmas day, and as the evening shadows gathered, Louise and Helen started for the little Mission room where a gaily decorated Christmas tree and simple gifts, awaited the fifty or more children gathered from the immediate neighborhood by the two girls and their helpers.

In less than an hour the room was filled almost to overflowing with the children and their parents.

After a Christmas song had been sung by the children and various Bible verses recited, Louise stepped upon the tiny platform and announced that she would tell a true Christmas story. Eager eyes were fixed upon her and little heads leaned forward in an expectant attitude. With a smile Louise began:

"Long ago, Oh, so very long ago, God made this beautiful world with waving trees, green grass, lovely flowers and all kinds of animals; but there were no people. Then God made a man and a woman to live in this beautiful world. Can anyone tell me the name of the first man that ever lived? Well, Jimmie," as a bright little boy raised his hand.

"Please, Miss Harper, I think that it was Mr. Adam."

"Yes, Jimmie, you are right. His name was Adam."

"And the name of the first woman was Eve, Miss Harper," hurriedly added a little girl who had been frantically waving her hand.

"Yes, Mary, you have the right name. Now children keep very still and I will tell you the rest of the story. God gave Adam and Eve everything that they needed to make them comfortable and happy. There was just one thing that He told them not to do, for He knew that if they did it, a very dreadful thing would happen to them. You see, children, He loved them so much that He did not want any harm to come to them.

"Now there was a wicked angel who wanted them to disobey God and to do the very thing that they were told not to do; because he wanted them to become his servants and do bad things for him; so he whispered to Eve, that if she did the thing God had told her not to do, she would become very wise and powerful like God. That was a lie, wasn't it, children?"

"Yes, Miss Harper," shouted a chorus of voices.

"That wicked angel's name was Satan, and he has been telling lies to people ever since," continued Louise.

"Well, Eve listened to him and she began to think how nice it would be to become very wise and powerful, and Satan told her that nothing would harm her if she did the thing that God had told her not to do."

"Oh! that was a big lie, wasn't it, Miss Harper?" interrupted Jimmie, whose eyes were glowing with interest.

"Yes, Jimmie, a dreadful lie; but Eve was thinking so much about the wonderful things that Satan had told her she would have, if she did the thing that God had told her not to do, that she was ready to believe this dreadful lie. And she began to want to do it and,—Oh! children,—pretty soon she did do it; and then she asked Adam to do it too,—and he did. They both did what God told them not to do. And the dreadful thing that God knew would happen if they did not mind Him, did happen, children.

"Oh! how dreadful it was! They had been good before, but now there was something bad right in their heart—in their mind—that made them think wrong thoughts and do wrong things. That something was sin. They were sinners now and the wicked angel, Satan, could get them to do very bad things.

"Bye and bye a little baby boy was born to them and the dreadful thing sin, was in him too. He thought

bad thoughts and he did bad things; and then Adam and Eve had other children, and sin was in every one of them. One of his children was our great, great— Oh! ever so far away grandfather; so we have the same sinful kind of life that he had. It is sin that makes us think wrong thoughts and do wrong things; and we have all done wrong things, haven't we, children?" The slightly lowered faces of the children and their downcast eyes were an answer to this question; and without waiting for a verbal reply she continued.

"God loved all the sinful people. He was sorry, oh, so very sorry that they had sin in their hearts; for he wanted these people to be His own dear children; but of course they wouldn't be His children until His own holy life was in them.

"It grieved Him that the people were so disobedient and so wilful that they did not care to do anything that He wished. They wanted their own way about everything.

"Now, you know children, that when we do wrong things, we have to be punished; even so God had to show how dreadful sin is, by letting there be a punishment for all sinners. This punishment was a very hard one. It had to be hard; for sin is such a dreadful thing.

"Now God knew that the sinful people could not make themselves holy; and they couldn't get away from Satan, who made them do bad things, and if

they did not have God's holy life, they could not go to His beautiful Home. Oh, it was very, very sad! But God loved them so much that He planned a wonderful way whereby they might be made free from Satan and have the pure holy life of God; so that they might become His own dear children and live in His beautiful Home. Let me tell you about it.

"He planned to make Himself become the God-Man, so that He could bear our hard punishment, take away our sinful life and could give us His own holy life if we were willing to take it, and make us forever free from Satan. If we received His pure, holy life into our hearts, we would be His very own children, and His life would make us want to do good things; and so little by little, the old life, all stained with sin, would be crowded out and bye and bye we would be like Him, all pure, holy and beautiful. Isn't that a wonderful plan, children?"

"Yes, Miss Harper," cried a dozen or more voices; while one little girl with wide open eyes said very softly, "Miss Harper, I want God's life in me."

"So do I, and I, and I," cried one and another, until there was a chorus of earnest voices.

"I am glad, children, that you want His life, and I know that God wishes you to have His life and become His own dear children; but now let me finish my story. Before the God-Man could do all of these wonderful things for sinful people, He must come into the world as a little baby; so one day a dear little baby boy was born in a town called Bethlehem and they

called His name Jesus. Can anyone tell me His mother's name?"

Over a score of hands were raised at once and at a nod from Louise, a chorus of voices shouted "Mary."

"Yes, children, and Mary had a good, kind husband whose name was Joseph. He helped her take care of this wonderful child, but Joseph was not His father;—for you know that Jesus' father was God. Now this Jesus is the same Jesus Christ who died upon the Cross for us. You remember that we have learned about this in our lessons, children. The baby Jesus grew to be the boy Jesus, and then the man Jesus; but all the time He was God, too; so we call Him the God-Man. It was upon that cruel Cross of Calvary, that He did all the wonderful things that God had planned to make us pure and holy.

"Now Christmas is Jesus' birthday. You know that when we have a birthday we like to receive presents; but Jesus loves us so much that He likes to give us presents on His birthdays. And children, these Christmas presents that you are to receive tonight are really from Him; because He has put it into our hearts and minds to bring them here to you. He wants you to know that He loves you, and He wishes these gifts to help you to remember that He has a more wonderful gift for you—even the gift of His own holy life; so now before we give out the presents, let us thank Him for all that His love has given us."

The prayer that followed was simple and direct, and each little head was reverently bowed until the

"Amen" was uttered; then every eye was turned toward the beautiful tree.

Oh! what an hour of excitement followed, as the name of each child was called, and an appropriate gift bestowed.

At last the children had trudged away homeward with laden arms and happy hearts and Louise and Helen were left alone.

"Oh! Lou, this has been such a happy day. It is the best Christmas that I have ever had."

"And the happiest for me too, dear," replied Louise; "and Nell, I have something to tell you that will cause your cup of joy to overflow. I received a note from Tom this morning and our prayers for him are answered. I am sure that he will write you all about it."

"Oh, Lou! isn't it wonderful! How good God is! Oh! I can never praise Him enough."

"I know just how you feel, Nell."

"His precious gifts serve to emphasize our feeling of unworthiness and I trust, our gratitude. All day these lines have been running through my mind:—

" 'A happy, happy Christmas,
And a happy happy year!
Oh, we have not deserved it,
And yet we need not fear,
For Jesus has deserved it
And so for Jesus sake,
This cup of joy and blessing
With grateful hand we take.' "

CHAPTER VII

"ANEMONES! Wood-Anemones, as sure as I am alive! Come on, boys, let's pick some to carry home to the girls"; and Ted Harper leaped over the old pasture wall, closely followed by Sam Atherton, Charlie Wilson and Ned Glover.

"Ho!" laughed Charlie, as he stooped to gather the lovely blossoms, "people will think that we have been a-Maying instead of on a geological hike, if we carry these bunches of flowers in our hands. Let's put them in the bags with our specimens."

"No," replied Ted, "that would spoil their delicate beauty. We don't care if people do think that we are out for May-flowers. Don't you remember Uncle Roger old us that in the pursuit of science we should never overlook the beautiful? And don't you remember that the day he took us over to examine Ledgemere Rocks, he called our attention to the tiny wild flowers growing near by and carefully picked some to carry home to Mother?"

"Yes, that is so," replied Charlie; and he proceeded to search for a few more starry blossoms.

"There!" said Sam. "We have all that we can carry. Now let's start for home; for we have a good three mile hike before we reach the car line, and then a long ride before we reach the Corner."

As the four-thirty North-bound car stopped at Woodside Road, four healthy, bright-faced boys jumped aboard. Each carried a large bunch of wild flowers in one hand and a hammer in the other; while a heavy bag was slung over the shoulder.

The passengers eyed them with much interest, and many admiring glances were cast in the direction of the blossoms.

One silvery haired, sweet faced woman gazed at them so wistfully, that Ted politely offered her a few anemones, which she received with profuse thanks.

Arrived at the Corner, the boys hastened in the direction of Ted's home where a warm supper awaited them.

"My! but I am hungry," said Ted as he stepped upon the veranda. "Let us leave the bags here and we'll hurry in to the dining room."

"Oh! here are mother and Lou to welcome us," he added as the door was gently opened and Mrs. Harper's motherly face appeared with a smile of greeting, while her daughter, standing directly behind, also smiled a welcome.

"Oh, aren't they beautiful!" exclaimed Louise, as the boys held aloft their starry blossoms. "Where did you find them? It is rather early for such full-bloom anemones to appear."

Ted proceeded to give a brief resume of the events of the day, while he removed his overcoat and assisted his friends with their garments; meanwhile stooping

to pat the head of Rover who was waiting for recognition, and watching with keen interest, the movements of Katie as she flitted back and forth between the pantry and the dining room.

A few minutes later, four hungry boys were doing justice to the savory stew, delicate corn muffins and other good things which Mrs. Harper had provided.

"Now, boys," said Ted, as they arose from the table, "let's go up to my room and look over the suggestions and rules for classification and arrangement of specimens that Uncle Roger gave us, so we can begin our work tomorrow; for we want as fine a collection as possible to show him when he visits us."

After an hour of study and somehat noisy discussion, Sam, Charlie and Ned took their leave, each promising to report promptly at ten o'clock in the morning. Ted shouted after them as they raced down the walk—"Remember, ten sharp; and Sam—Sam, bring Nell along to help Lou with the plant specimens."

"All right," shouted the boys as they disappeared beyond the hedge.

The bright morning sunshine of the following day revealed a strangely disordered kitchen in the Harper home. The strong, old-fashioned table which usually stood against the wall with its two wide leaves folded against its sides, now stood in the middle of the floor, its leaves extended and its surface covered with small stones, rock-chips, roots and leaf-buds of wild flowers and a few stray blossoms, while upon a nearby stand

were writing materials and two or three Nature Study books.

"There, boys, we are ready!" exclaimed Ted as he seated his three friends around the table. "Let each one classify his own specimens and be ready for a general consultation if necessary. Lou is waiting for Nell and they will join us later."

"I wonder what is keeping Nell. She is usually so punctual," said Louise to herself as she stood by the window of the living room. Just then she caught a glimpse of a bit of color through an opening in the hedge, and in an instant Nell's bright red hat appeared in full view. A moment later Louise was greeting her friend in the hall.

"You will just have to forgive me for being so late Lou; but I couldn't help it," said Nell, breathlessly. "And oh, I have such good news. I know that you will be so glad, Lou, and father and mother are so pleased, and—and—oh, it's just lovely."

"There dear, you are all out of breath. Do sit down and rest a moment," said Louise.

Seated in a comfortable arm-chair in the living room, Nell began: "I felt almost sure that we should receive a letter from Tom today; so when the postman appeared just as Sam and I were ready to start, I decided to wait for our mail; but instead of a letter from Tom, there was one from your uncle, Professor Murdock, giving us such a lovely bit of news.

"You remember how disappointed we all were when

the directors of that large camp for boys refused to accept Tom as instructor last summer, and you know the reason for their refusal, Lou?" Louise nodded. "Well, they wrote to Professor Murdock a few weeks ago, asking him to put them in touch with an earnest Christian young man who would be able to serve as instructor in the camp this summer. They desired one who would be able to teach the Natural Sciences from the Biblical standpoint, and whose personal life would be pure, strong and helpful. They realized that such men were rarely found, but knowing Professor Murdock's great desire to train young men for such positions, they had appealed to him, hoping that he would be able to recommend some one. Professor Murdock replied at once and whom do you think he recommended?" Louise smiled. "Yes, it was Tom—our Tom. Professor Murdock explained to them that Tom was his assistant and could hardly be spared at that time; yet as he realized the importance of securing the right man for the camp, he would loan his valuable helper for the summer months. Now isn't that just splendid?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Louise.

"And Tom is coming here in June for a short visit before he enters upon his summer's work," added Nell. "Isn't that lovely?"

"Yes," replied Louise, "I am sure that all of his friends will be glad to see him, and I thank you so much for letting me share the good news; and now

dear, if you are rested, we will go out to the kitchen to see how the boys are progressing with their classification."

"O Lou, you are just in time to help us," cried Ted as the girls entered the room. "We are puzzled over this bit of rock. It seems to be a piece of granite, but instead of the mica that we find in common granite, there are dark, almost black streaks all through it. Shall we place it among our specimens of granite?"

"Yes, Ted," replied Louise, after a moment's examination; "that is a piece of granite. The dark streaks are called hornblende. If you look closely you will discover very little, if any mica. The hornblende seems to have taken its place. It should be labeled—Hornblende Granite."

"Oh! thank you, Lou," cried all the boys; and Sam added, laughingly, "We were just wishing that Professor Murdock were here; but really we do not need his help so long as his apt pupil, Professor Lou, is with us."

Just then the door bell rang and Louise hastened to answer its summons.

"It is Sallie and her little neighbor, Dorothy," said Nell, recognizing the voices in the hall. "Sallie has taken a course in botany and will be able to help us with these specimens of plant-life, but what shall we do with Dorothy? She is such an active little body that she will be into everything."

"I will let her play with these marbles," said Ted. "She will have a fine time rolling them over the floor."

Sallie was soon seated at the table and busily engaged with the roots and twigs spread before her, while little Dorothy was shouting with glee as the bright-hued marbles rolled in every direction.

The little group around the table became so absorbed in their work that they failed to notice the wistful little face closely watching their movements.

"What is it, Dollie?" asked Sallie as the little tot crept close to her side.

"I want to sit up to table," was the reply.

"She has discovered that she is alone and wants to join us," said Louise.

"Do you want to classify too, Dollie?" asked Sam.

"Es, I cassify too," replied the child.

Sallie was about to remonstrate, but Ted interposed.

"Let her sit up to the table, Sallie. I will get a high chair for her and let us see what she will do."

Free to follow her own sweet will, little Dorothy began to arrange the articles before her. She first selected a stone of a reddish color, then one of a delicate pink, beside which she placed a branch of crimson leaf buds, then deftly added two of the gaily colored marbles which Ted had picked up from the floor, and a stray hepatica blossom.

With a laugh of satisfaction she pointed to her arrangement, as if desiring the appreciation of the little group.

"That is very pretty, Dorothy," said Ted, while a general smile went around the table.

"Evidently Dorothy's classification is upon the basis

of beauty," said Sallie; "and really, to an untrained mind, that is the most natural basis."

"Dorothy's arrangement recalls to my mind Professor Murdock's instructions in reference to classification," said Sam.

"He said the first thing to do was to determine whether a specimen was organic or inorganic; or, in other words, whether it belonged to the living or the non-living; then he added, 'never allow yourselves to classify upon the basis of external resemblance. Always ascertain the elemental substances, before forming your conclusion.'"

"What is it, Lou?" asked Nell, abruptly, as she noted the sober, half sad expression upon the face of her friend.

"Why I was thinking what childish classifications we make concerning moral and spiritual values," slowly replied Louise.

"What do you mean, dear? do explain."

"This is what I mean: We put the educated, cultured, refined, benevolent people in one class and the poor, uneducated, uncultured in another. We classify according to our own conception of beauty, forgetting that God's basis of classification is entirely different."

"And what is His basis of classification?" asked Sallie.

"The living and the non-living," replied Louise.

"Just what do you mean by the non-living?" asked Ned.

"I will try to tell you, Ned, as Uncle Roger explained it to me several years ago.

"I was a bit perplexed over the words of the first verse of the second chapter of Ephesians: 'You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' I knew that 'quickened' meant 'made alive,' but I did not understand the meaning of the words 'dead' and 'alive' as used in this verse and in similar passages. Uncle Roger appreciated my difficulty, and said that perhaps the scientific definition of death, would help me understand how the word is used in all passages of the kind in the Bible. According to this definition, death is 'a falling out of correspondence with environment.' He explained the term 'environment' and then gave the following illustration to help me perceive the meaning of the terms 'dead' and 'alive.'

" 'Here is an eye of a human being, seemingly perfect in structure, wide open, apparently able to see any object placed before it; the objects of nature, bathed in bright sunlight surround it, but there is no response from the eye. It does not see, for the optic nerve is severed. It is dead to the beauty before it.' "

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Ned; "to be dead in that sense, does not mean to cease to exist; but to fail to do what you were made to do."

"Yes," replied Louise, "I think you understand."

"Couldn't the ear be dead to sounds in the same way?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, yes. Just imagine a person whose ears are com-

pletely deafened. Birds are singing, bells are ringing, voices speaking, but those ears do not respond to the sound waves that are carrying melody to other ears which are open to receive the same. They are dead to the sounds."

"We understand now, more fully what God meant when He said to Adam and Eve, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' " said Nell.

"Yes," replied Louise, "upon the very day of Adam and Eve's disobedience, sin severed the delicate intuitive knowledge of God in the spirit of Adam and Eve. They failed to respond to Him who was their environing Presence. They were dead to God. Therefore, we see that a human being may be moral, educated, refined, strong and vigorous in mind and body, yet dead to God. He may even know many things about God and talk about Him, preach about Him, write books about him, and still be dead to Him—without response to the voice of His Spirit. We see then that God does not classify upon the basis of moral beauty or good works. Concerning each human being He asks, 'Has he life?' 'Is he *alive unto me?*' "

"Do you mean to say that acts of benevolence have no value? Does not God want us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and better the condition of the poor in every possible way?" asked Sallie, somewhat hotly.

"Sallie dear, I would not undervalue such acts. Surely we ought to help those about us in every possible way; but God does not make the performance of

such deeds the basis for His classification. One might do all these things and yet be dead to Him."

"Isn't there a verse in the New Testament about giving all one's goods to feed the poor and yet having it amount to nothing?" asked Nell.

"Yes, Nell, it is the third verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians." Sam whisked out his pocket New Testament and quickly found the place.

"Here it is, I will read it:

" 'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' "

"That word 'charity' means love, and the highest kind of love," explained Louise. "The Greek word used, denotes a love that is far higher than natural human love. It is the very love of God and can be experienced only by those possessing His Life; therefore the meaning of this verse is obvious:—One may carry his benevolent acts so far as to give all that he possesses, and yet not have the Life of God."

"And if one has the Life of God, he has the love that would prompt him to help others, hasn't he?" inquired Ted.

"Yes, Ted. Good works should be the logical outcome,—the fruit,—the natural out-going of that life. We find a wonderful summing up of this matter in Ephesians the second chapter. Sam, will you please read verses eight, nine and ten?"

Sam found the places at once and read as follows:

"By grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; Not of works, lest any one should boast. For we are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

"Oh how plain that is," said Nell. "We become alive to Him when we accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and His life within us produces the good works."

For a moment no one spoke; then Sallie turned toward little Dorothy who was vainly trying to fasten a blossom upon a stone, and bending over the curly head to hide the tears that were gathering in her eyes, she softly said, "don't you think that it is time to go home?"

The beautiful spring days with their wonderful budding and blossoming passed in rapid succession, ushering in "Lovely June, the Bride of the year."

"Oh, Lou, isn't this a perfect day?" exclaimed Nell, as the two girls stood in the rose garden, in the morning sunshine, watching a bird soaring in the blue above them.

"It is indeed," replied Louise. "June is a lovely month. The poet is quite right in saying, 'Then if ever, come perfect days.' "

"Lou, dear," said Nell, after a long pause during which each seemed to be drinking in the wonderful beauty surrounding them, "if the earth is so beautiful

now, what will it be when He comes to remove the results of sin?"

"Oh, Nell, I often think of the time that is coming when the curse upon the ground shall be removed and 'the wilderness shall blossom as the rose.' What a glorious time that will be!"

Again there was a long silence, as words seemed out of place in their rapt contemplation of the glories to be revealed. At last Nell spoke very slowly.

"But, Lou,—the world was never so beautiful to me before. June has always been a lovely month,—my favorite month since I was a little child; but there has never been a June like this, and I know the reason. All Nature is beautiful to me now, because I am His Who created all this beauty."

A gentle pressure of the hand was Louise's reply.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the hedge behind them. "It is only Rover," said Louise, without turning her head; but in an instant a strong melodious voice rang out in earnest tones:—

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in ev'ry hue
Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'er flow,
Flow'rs with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine."

"Tom!" cried Nell, and in another moment she had flown through the little white gate-way and was in her brother's arms.

"Forgive my intrusion, won't you, Louise?" said Tom, as he approached the rose bower in which she was standing.

"I am sure that such a glad surprise as this does not furnish an occasion for the bestowal of forgiveness," replied Louise, returning the hearty hand clasp.

The news of Tom's arrival traveled rapidly. Before night nearly a score of friends had called to greet him; for Tom had always been a general favorite among the young people. Even the Reverend Archibald Wellington Rivers, to whom hitherto Tom had been a 'thorn in the flesh,' called to congratulate him upon the Camp appointment, and to invite him to speak to the young people of his church upon the following Sunday.

To the many friends who desired to plan social events in his honor, Tom courteously explained that his brief stay at home must be devoted to preparation for his summer's work; and politely, but firmly declined all invitations of a social nature. But when the last guest had departed, he drew Nell aside and said in low tones, "don't you think that Lou would like to have one more meeting of the little study class before I leave?' And Nell gave him a sisterly hug, accompanied by an expressive smile, and said, "You just wait and see."

Thus it was that the next morning found the two

girls in Louise's little sitting room, once more busily engaged in consultation. "Let's have it just as soon as possible, Nell. How will tomorrow evening do?"

"Oh, that will be splendid. I know that Tom will be ever so glad."

And so upon the following evening the little group gathered once more in the study of Louise Harper's pleasant home.

After the greetings were over and light refreshments had been served, Louise requested Ted to pass the Bibles that all might unite in reading the one hundred and forty-fifth psalm. This was followed by a moment's silent prayer, after which Mr. Harper arose and said, "my daughter desires me to call attention to the fact that this beautiful psalm that we have read, preciously reveals God as the Sustainer of all that He has created. And it further declares that all of His works shall praise Him. Even now upon a day like this, we seem to hear Nature's song of praise, notwithstanding the minor strains and discordant notes that have crept into Creation's Chorus. But not only does this psalm reveal God as the Sustainer of all that He has created, but it shows the tender relation existing between Himself and those whom He calls His *saints.* These are His own dear children, because they have chosen His own life,—Eternal Life; a life not created, but which has no beginning and will have no end. Notice that verse ten reads, 'Thy saints shall bless thee.' This means more than Creation's Chorus. It is

the Chorus of Redemption. As we speak of the glory of His Kingdom, and talk of His power, we are rehearsing that great Hallelujah Chorus that we expect to sing one day with all the redeemed of every kindred, tribe and nation.

"Now would it not be fitting that we talk tonight of what He has done for us during the past year? I am sure that each one has realized much of His tender care and blessing during these past months, and surely we want to praise Him."

A most precious little praise service followed. In a natural, frank, simple manner, testimonies to God's care, guidance, teaching, saving and keeping power were given, and then Tom arose, while a hush fell upon the little group.

"Dear friends," he began, "words can never express all that God has done for me during the year; but I want to tell you a little about it." In a simple straightforward manner he spoke of his old rationalistic views, his disappointment the summer before, the arrest of thought produced by the first study class, the light subsequently received in the little gatherings, his daily contact with Professor Murdock, whose life as well as his teaching was an inspiration, the lonely nights upon the mountain side, when he pondered the truths that the Holy Spirit was illumining, and finally the moment when he reached forth the hand of faith to take the Life of His Saviour and Lord.

"And now, dear friends," he concluded, "I have only

one desire; and that is that He shall use me in every possible way to make Him known to others."

With emotion Mr. Harper said "Let us pray." In tender, earnest petition, Tom was remembered and committed to Him whose service he had chosen; while the prayer also ascended that each one present might have the same desire that Tom had expressed.

As the good-byes were being spoken, Mr. Marshall grasped Tom's hand, exclaiming, "God bless you, Tom. We have missed you greatly but rejoice that you were permitted to be with such a man as Professor Murdock. Surely God has been very gracious to you in linking your life with such a true, practical Christian."

"Yes, Mr. Marshall. God has indeed been gracious to me. I shall never cease to praise Him for giving me such true Christians friends as Professor Murdock, and," bestowing a tender, grateful look in the direction of Louise, "Professor Lou."

CHAPTER VIII

NEARLY three years had passed since the gathering of the little Bible Study Class recorded in the last chapter, when one bright day in May, the Reverend Archibald Wellington Rivers, attending a denominational conference, found himself seated at lunch by the side of the Reverend Harold Everson Foster, a popular pastor in the neighboring city.

"That was a glowing report you gave us, Rivers," exclaimed his companion. "Surely your young people are unusual. How do you manage to get such results?"

"Well," replied Mr. Rivers modestly, "I believe that we have some unusual young people, but the results to which you refer should not be attributed to me, but rather to Tom Atherton."

"Tom Atherton! and pray who is he?" inquired the Reverend Foster, with a slight arching of the eyebrows.

"Excuse me, I forgot that you do not know him. Everyone in our community knows Tom so well that we sometimes forget he is now Professor Thomas Atherton."

"Indeed!" replied Doctor Foster with growing interest, "and just how has Professor Atherton contributed to the success of your church interests?"

"To answer your question, I shall have to go back a bit. Tom Atherton is the son of one of my parishioners. He was always keen and bright and from boyhood manifested those qualities that betoken leadership. Fortunately he possessed high ideals and was very kind-hearted; therefore his influence over the young people was moral and salutary in many ways; yet I regret to say that during his college days he was the trial of my life; for he ridiculed the teaching of the church so effectually that other young men lost all interest in religious matters. A short time after his graduation he became associated with Professor Murdock, the eminent Scientist, who is a very religious man, and in less than a year, Tom was truly converted. Since that time he has been an out and out Christian and has endeavored to win young people to Christ. His scientific studies have led him into contact with many brainy young men and his influence over them has been very marked.

"Although a young man, his strong helpful personality and unusual ability have been recognized in educational circles and several fine positions have been offered him. But while other positions presented greater financial possibility, yet Professor Atherton decided to accept the position urged upon him by the trustees of our Preparatory Schools, as he desired to touch the lives of the young in his home town, where in former years, his influence had been against his Lord; therefore as Principal of this school, he con-

siders that he has a wonderful opportunity, which he is certainly improving in a marked manner. Thus it is, Doctor, that my great trial of former years has become my invaluable helper; for his influence is felt not alone in educational circles, but in all of our church activities, and his work with the young people is truly remarkable. Indeed I may safely say that Professor Atherton has the largest opportunity for Christian service of any man in our town, and I frankly admit that the ministry has much to learn from him, as to the best methods of reaching people spiritually."

"You surprise me truly," exclaimed Doctor Foster, "and you mystify me also. How can this young man who has spent his time in scientific study be a spiritual leader? Surely he has not had the theological training which we have always considered indispensable in preparation for spiritual leadership?"

"I think that only a personal interview with Professor Atherton will satisfactorily answer your question, Doctor Foster," was the quiet reply.

"Very well, I shall be pleased to have you arrange an interview in the near future if you will kindly do so"; and with a graceful movement, the Reverend Harold Everson Foster arose from the table and with a well-bred, dignified, self-conscious air, passed into the church auditorium.

Two days later, Tom Atherton ran lightly up the steps of the comfortable city parsonage and was conducted by the well-trained servant to the study of

Doctor Foster, whose greetings were condescendingly profuse.

"Professor Atherton, I am delighted to meet you. I have heard much about you. Pray be seated."

Tom modestly acknowledged the greeting and seated himself in the comfortable armchair proffered him.

"Professor Atherton, I am told that you are having great success in interesting the young people, and students especially, in religious matters. Now it is pretty generally conceded among the clergy that college students are very difficult to reach and to hold, and we greatly deplore our failure along this line. As you come into close touch with the lives of so many young people, perhaps you can throw some light upon the underlying cause of the failure in the teaching of the church."

"The cause is this, Doctor Foster," promptly replied Tom: "The lack of positiveness in presenting vital truths."

"Just what do you mean, Professor Atherton?" asked the clergymen with a look of genuine surprise.

"In reply permit me to give you a bit of my own experience, Doctor Foster. I was brought up in a Christian home and early in life was taken to church and Sunday School. I learned scores of Bible verses and could answer with promptness all of the questions put to me by my Sunday School teacher. I listened to the sermons and thought quite a good deal about them,—far more than my elders realized; but in my boyish

mind were questions that received no answer. I was not satisfied with what I heard, although at that time, I listened with respect if not with reverence to pastor and Sunday School teacher.

"During my High School days my dissatisfaction deepened until I felt a growing dislike for religious services. However, I wish to add that during all this time I had an admiration for Christ as an ideal man, whose teaching I regarded as ethical rathert than practical.

"When I entered college, I came in touch with men of brilliant mind unfettered by religious belief, who immediately sought to free me from my slender chain of so-called religious bondage. They ridiculed the teaching that I had heard and assured me that my mind was too brilliant to be enslaved by such absurdities. I must learn to think for myself, consequently I determined to free myself of religious belief, and with rare exceptions, my fellow-students did the same, until we scoffed at every phase of religious teaching, exulting in our freedom from old-fogyism, and congratulating ourselves that we were abreast of the times.

"I regret to say that I was soon considered quite a champion of modern thought and could easily argue my case wherever I went, with the result that I caused many to forsake the faith of their fathers.

"Looking backward over all those years, I now see the hidden rock upon which my frail religious belief was wrecked. Had my religious teachers presented

spiritual truths with the positiveness of my teachers in mathematics, I should have been able to withstand the subtle, deadly error to which I was exposed in my college days."

"But Professor Atherton, you do not mean to compare the teaching of spiritual truths with that of mathematics?" queried the clergyman somewhat sharply.

"May I ask, why not, Doctor? Mathematics is an exact science. Should the definition of spiritual truths be less exact than those of mathematics? Should we be able to define a straight line, a sphere, an angle, and fail to accurately define Eternal Life, sin, repentance, redemption?"

"But, Professor, religion is subjective; therefore it differs entirely from mathematics," interrupted the clergyman somewhat impatiently.

"True, Doctor, but the subjective must rest upon a solid objective basis. It is this basis that I have in mind. I believe that in teaching religion we should have a set of propositions so clearly defined that the objective aspect will appeal to the intellect in a convincing, irresistible manner. If this is done, we may trust the Holy Spirit to do His work along the line of application, with the result that the clearly perceived objective, becomes a subjective reality."

"I think that I see your point, Professor, but I do not see just how such a set of propositions may be stated. With what should we begin?"

"'In the beginning God—,'" replied Tom with a

smile. "Has it ever occurred to you, Doctor, that few persons consider the real difference between the life of God, the Creator, and the life of the creature? Of course they know that there is a difference, but they are not taught to define the life of either, or to seriously contrast the two planes of life."

"Why, no, that has never occurred to me," replied the clergyman somewhat thoughtfully. "Do you consider it an important matter?"

"I do indeed, Doctor. Here is the great tap-root of the failure that you deplore. Students in our schools and colleges are carefully trained along biological lines. They clearly discern the differentiation between the various planes of life, and are acquainted with the manifestations of the various life-principles. But when they listen to the teaching of religious truths, they soon perceive that they are urged to accept a life which is not clearly defined in the mind of the teacher. It seems to them that the teaching belongs to the realm of fancy rather than to that of fact;—a beautiful conception, but impossible of realization. They are asked to accept Christ, but they are not clearly shown who Christ is, what it means to accept Him, and why they need His life; nor are they shown what the results of such acceptance will be. As a result, they become so impressed with the lack of clear, logical statements, such as they are accustomed to hear in the school-room, that they hold religious teaching in secret contempt, if not in open ridicule."

As the clergyman looked bewildered, Tom quickly

added, "Permit me to show you how this method, which I have suggested, works out with our young people. They are first shown that God was as complete before creation as after He had spoken a universe into existence; that creation added nothing to His essential Deity. Thus they perceive that the life of God is uncreated, self-existent, unchangeable. Next, they are led to define the planes of created life,—angelic, vegetable, animal, human. We let the hand serve to remind us of the five planes of life; the thumb standing by itself reminds us of the Uncreated Life of God; the four fingers, the planes of created life. In a short time the status of our first parents is clearly understood. The confusion almost always to be found in connection with this subject, is thereby eliminated. They clearly see that biologically, Adam could not have been a son of God, because he did not have His Uncreated Life. Adam and Eve were His creatures,—His potential children, but not His actual children."

"But is not Adam called the son of God in Luke's genealogical table?" interrupted the clergyman.

"I think that the Greek New Testament does not warrant that statement," quietly replied Tom. "Shall we consult it?"

Doctor Foster arose and turning to a large bookcase began to search for his Greek Testament. Evidently he was not able to locate it, and in some embarrassment remarked, "Katherine must have disarranged these books when she dusted them."

"Never mind, Doctor, never mind. I will find the

passage"; and whisking his Greek Testament from his coat pocket, he quickly found the third chapter of the gospel of Luke and handing the book to the clergyman quietly waited for him to scan the lineage roll; then, before the clergymen was ready to speak, he tactfully remarked, "I tell the young people, that this is the created life table inverted, and for the benefit of those who do not read Greek, I explain that the word 'son' is found in the original, in only one verse of the whole chapter,—the twenty-third; and I also tell them that the real sons of God,—those His by birth, are indicated in the twenty-sixth verse of the third chapter of Galatians. Thus they see that Adam is not declared to be a son of God, but came of the creative power of God; and the long succession of names given in this chapter, indicates the extension of this creative work through reproduction. They clearly see that there is nothing in verse thirty-eight to indicate that Adam had the uncreated life of God, which alone would constitute real sonship."

"I see," replied the clergyman dryly.

"And after the status of Adam and Eve are clearly perceived," said Tom, continuing the conversation, "our young people are shown the inherent possibility of sonship, as evidenced by their God-consciousness and power of choice. Then they are shown the origin, nature and results of sin and the working of the 'law of sin and death,' and the law of heredity as well. This takes a little time, but at last the real condition of the

human race is plainly perceived. The great facts stand out in axiomatic clearness. The conditions that make a Redemptive work absolutely necessary are plainly perceived; and Doctor, allow me to say that if the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ is to be magnified, we must make the need of the Cross, absolutely plain. Is not the failure that you and other ministers deplore, due to the fact that the conditions which make the Cross necessary are not clearly set forth? In other words, is not the evangelical appeal directed to the emotions rather than to the intellect, and is not this the reason why the thinking man turns from such appeal with impatience if not positive disgust?"

"Doubtless that is so," replied the clergyman, slowly stroking his forehead as if in deep thought. "I suppose that the thinking man should be intellectually cornered, if he is to use his power of choice intelligently."

"Yes, Doctor, you have aptly put the case. I believe that we should intellectually corner people. We should so state the great fundamental truths that people will have to see them whether they wish to do so or not."

"May I ask if you have succeeded in thus cornering the young people with whom you come in contact?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, Doctor,, I think that I have been able to do so, —to some extent at least. Only last week a dear college fellow who had been attending our Bible class in the church said to me, 'I see the facts plainly enough. It is now up to me to chose.' And that very night, on

his way home, alone with God, he used his power of choice, with the result that he is now rejoicing in the Redemptive work of Calvary that has made it possible for him to become a child of God."

There was silence in the study for a moment which was broken at last by the clergyman.

"Professor Atherton, may I ask you how these young converts hold out in the Christian life?"

"I am glad that you have asked that question, Doctor, for it gives me the opportunity that I desired to speak of the transformation in the lives of these dear young people. In our classes we always speak of regeneration as a birth relationship with God, and that the new life must develop, and finally become conformed to the great Type,—the glorified humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The young people understand this and they are led to yield themselves completely and irrevocably to the transforming work of the Holy Spirit within them. And, Doctor, it is a joy to see them grow." Tom's eyes moistened a bit as he spoke, while the clergyman, watching his glowing features, remained silent as if in deep reflection. At length he broke the silence rather abruptly.

"Professor Atherton, I want you to help my young people. Will you do so?"

"Why, certainly, Doctor, if I am able to do so," replied Tom somewhat surprised.

"And one thing more, Professor. Will you address our next ministers' meeting? You have certainly cor-

nered me concerning the best method of presenting fundamental truths, and I think that my brother ministers ought to be cornered likewise."

With due modesty Tom accepted the invitation and soon arose to take his leave, but the detaining hand of the clergyman was laid upon his shoulder with "Just a moment, please," and Tom resumed his seat.

"Professor Atherton, you have told me of your early life and of your present work, but do you mind telling me about your conversion, for I am deeply interested. I understand that you were associated with Professor Murdock. Was this association the means that God uses to lead you to Himself?"

"I shall never cease to thank God for the teaching and life of dear Professor Murdock," replied Tom, gravely. "I can never express what I owe to that man, and it was while I was with him that I was regenerated; but my first interest in spiritual things may be traced to a certain little Bible study class held in the home of Miss Louise Harper in my own town. It was in this class that I heard for the first time, the presentation of vital truths in such a manner as to corner my intellect."

"Indeed, Professor, and who conducted this class?"

"Miss Harper," was the quick reply.

"Miss Harper!" gasped the clergyman overcome with surprise, "why, why, she must be a very unusual woman."

"She is an unusual woman, Doctor."

"I suppose that she is a woman somewhat along in years?" queried the clergyman, eyeing the young man narrowly.

"No, Doctor, she is a young woman"; and then perceiving the scrutinizing gaze of his questioner, he added "Doctor, I may as well tell you that Louise Harper is to become my wife. We are to be married next month."

Doctor Foster quickly arose and warmly grasping Tom's hand exclaimed, "God bless you, Professor. Truly this is an ideal union."

As Tom prepared to leave, the clergyman followed him to the door, thanking him for the pleasure of his call and requesting another interview in the near future.

Walking down the quiet street, Tom lifted his heart in praise to God for the new doors of service opening before him as the result of his afternoon call.

CHAPTER IX

"OH! What a perfectly lovely day! Could there be a more ideal wedding day? I am so glad for Tom and Louise"; and Helen Atherton raised her bed-room curtain a little higher that she might feast her eyes upon the clear blue sky, lovely green of trees and lawn, and white arched trellis of pink climbing roses, all bathed in the golden sunlight of a glorious June day.

Although so early, the household was astir, and as for that matter so were several households in the immediate neighborhood. Indeed a certain air of expectancy seemed to pervade the homes of many, and as the morning blossomed into day, this expectant attitude seemed to dominate the activities of the entire town. Errand boys seemed to be unusually busy; young men and women might be seen laden with green branches and lovely roses, hastening toward the stately stone church, while the sexton and his helpers were mowing the lawn, sweeping the walks, dusting the pews and doing a dozen things with unusual alacrity. Even the little children of the Mission at Factory Village Corner, seemed to share this expectant attitude, for they might be seen picking long-stemmed daisies and buttercups in the fields and by the wayside, with a business like air of haste, quite unlike their usual care-

less, meandering movements. Evidently the whole town was astir.

Quickly the forenoon passed, and the clock in the bell-tower had hardly chimed the two o'clock hour, when persons might be seen wending their way in the direction of the church. There were the young men of the Preparatory School, the pupils of the High School, in which Louise was a well beloved teacher, groups of young people from the church Bible classes, boys and girls of the Sunday School, of which Tom was superintendent, children of the Mission which Louise and Helen had so faithfully conducted, all happy and excited as they hastened on their way.

Nor were the older people lacking in interest; for long before the sweet-toned organ gave forth its melodious welcome, business men and their wives, teachers, men eminent in the scientific world, friends and neighbors might be seen entering the church.

And there might be discovered the members of the little Bible Study Class. There were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, looking glad and expectant, Sallie and Miss Thornton, looking a bit wistful, while Sam, Ted, Charlie Wilson and Ned Grover, moved decorously here and there as ushers. And there was Professor Murdock, distinguished in appearance, yet with face speaking of deep peace and quiet joy. By his side sat his sister, Mrs. Harper, with that look of mingled emotions that may always be detected in the face of the mother of a bride.

The music continued amidst the rustle of incoming guests, whispered exclamations of admiration over the beautifully decorated church, and tender, loving words concerning the two young lives that were so soon to be united in marriage. Old Mr. White, who had been carefully helped to a comfortable seat where his lame foot could rest upon a soft cushion, whispered to his sister who had accompanied him, "She'll be the purtiest bride that ever walked out of this church, and the best too," and his sister had answered with an affirmative nod.

The strains of the organ gradually diminished until only a soft, far-away musical breathing could be detected; then came a gentle modulation, and a group of white-robed maidens, hitherto partly concealed by the green branches and pink blossoms of a lovely floral bower, arose and sang

"My song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days.
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise;
My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave Himself my ransom,
And bought me with His Blood.

"My song shall be of Jesus,
When sitting at His feet;

I call to mind His goodness,
In meditation sweet.
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me,
And keeps me at His side.

"My song shall be of Jesus,
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and perfect day:
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there."

Hardly had the sweet girlish voices ceased, when from a bower upon the opposite side of the church, the voices of young men rang out clear and strong:—

"Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God,
Declare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad;
Proclaim ye His mercy, from nation to nation
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And his mercy endureth for ever and ever.

"Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners was slain;
Who went down to the grave and ascended again;

And who soon shall return, when these dark days are
o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

"Her bridal attire, and her festal array
All nature shall wear on that glorious day;
For her King cometh down, with His people to reign,
And his presence shall bless her with Eden again.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever."

A moment's silence followed, then the organ pealed forth joyously the wedding march, and immediately there was a rustle of expectancy and heart flutter.

In another moment the fair bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, moved down the aisle. In her simple white gown and veil, she looked the picture of loveliness, while the lilies of the valley in her hand, seemed emblematical of the beautiful, fragrant life of the maiden.

Attended only by her dear friend Nell, who was dressed in her favorite pink and carried a spray of roses of the same lovely shade, Louise met Tom at the altar. Many an eye moistened as the well loved young man and maiden plighted their troth in the simple marriage service.

Just as the closing words of the prayer were uttered, the two groups of young people softly sang—

"Bless them, Lord, and make them a blessing;
They'll gladly Thy message convey.
Use them to help the blind and the needy,
And make them a blessing each day."

And so, followed by the prayers of all, Tom and Louise passed out of the church and through the lines of the little Mission children holding aloft their bouquets of daisies and buttercups,—out into the golden sunshine, their hearts filled with a joy that only those can know whose lives are united in the bonds of Eternal Love.

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